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...ne Decline of
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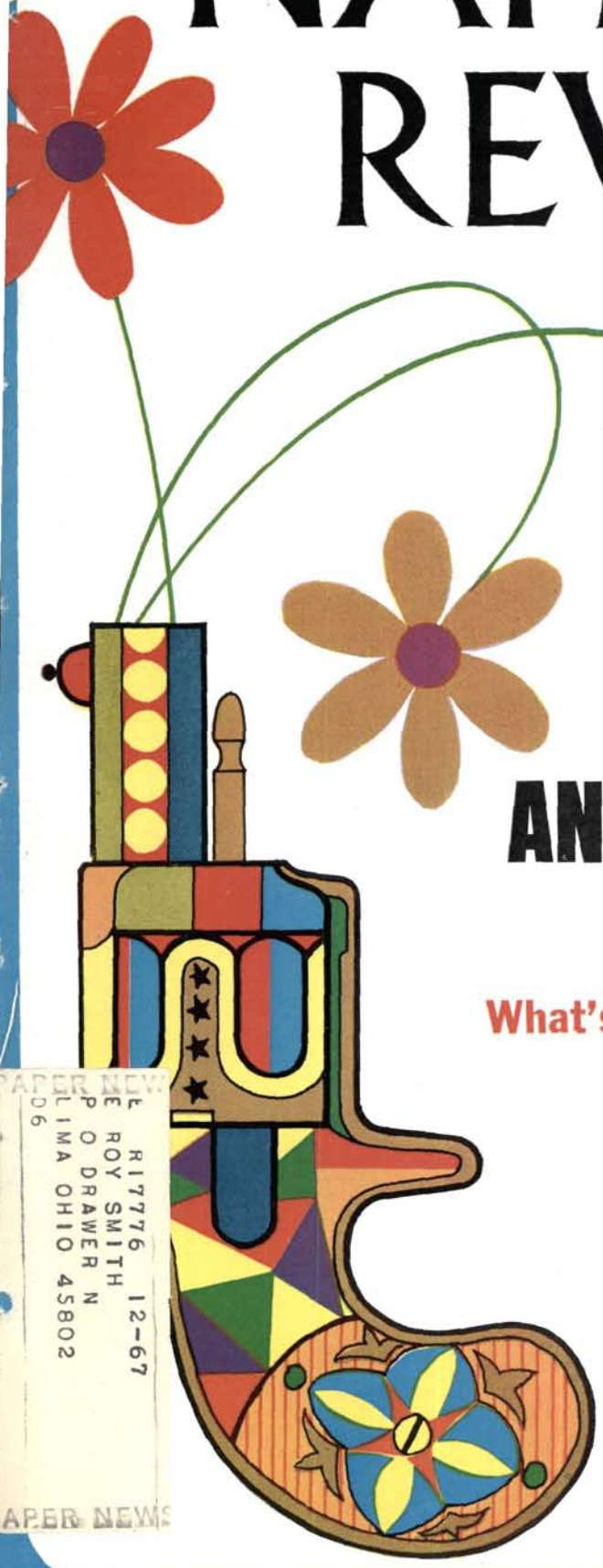

THE ANTI-COMMUNIST LEFT:

What's happening? Where is it?
Who's responsible?

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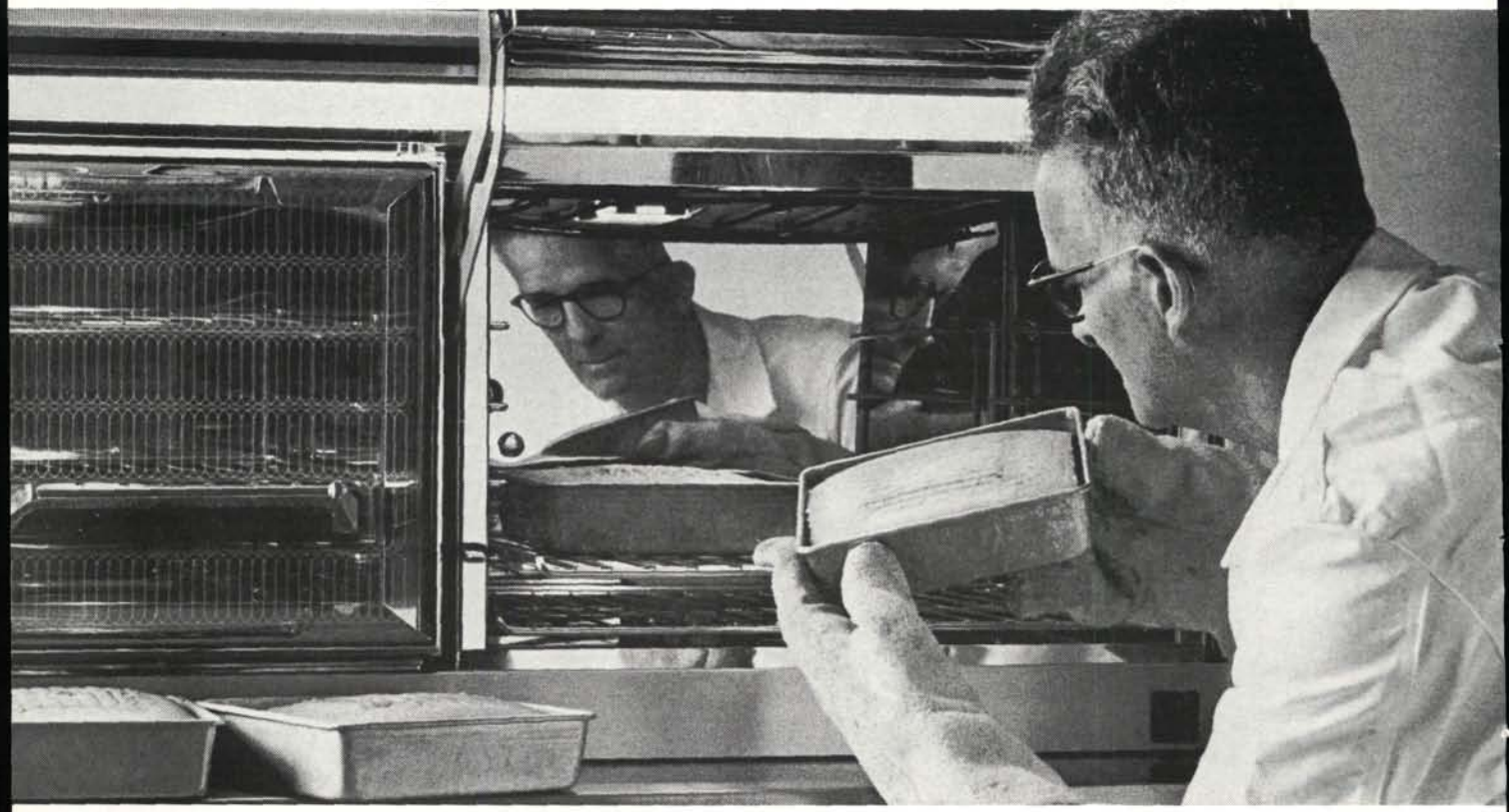
now cooks up some answers for GM's Frigidaire



Dawn was breaking over Buckeye Lake in the summer of 1920. Over a campfire the tantalizing aroma of breakfast was in the air. And breakfast was the responsibility of young Lawrence Howdyshell, top cook in the troop.

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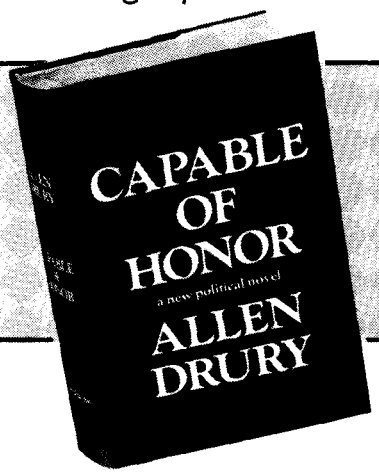

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Vol. XIX No. 3

68 THE WEEK

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

64 To The Editor
76 Who Paints the Image? *by James Burnham*
77 L.A. Police: As Seen from Olympus *by Barbara Vaccariello*
78 America's Troubles: the European View *by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
79 The Decline of the Anti-Communist Left *by Max Geltman*
84 Frank Chodorov, RIP
86 Boom in the Caribbean *by Alec Waugh*
87 An English Catholic Tours the U.S. *by Sir Arnold Lunn*
91 The Plot Against Papa Doc *by Robert K. Brown*
103 Trans-O-Gram
106 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

93 John Dos Passos *by Jeffrey Hart*
97 Old-Fashioned Oracle *by M. Stanton Evans*
99 New-Old, Old-New, and New *by Arlene Croce*
100 Books in Brief

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We do a bit o' plain and fancy touring. The formidable **Max Geltman** leads us through high spots of the last twenty years of intellectual history on the left, pointing out that there were anti-Communists over there in the old days, but no more. What was once a dreamy socialist utopianism wedded to a hardnosed opposition to Stalinist totalitarianism has degenerated into a hypnotized hopelessness akin to what Muggeridge calls the liberal death-wish, following James Burnham's latest work, *Suicide of the West*. . . . What was the extent of U.S. involvement in the recently aborted invasion of Haiti? How strong is Papa Doc? **Robert K. Brown,** who was to have flown in with the invaders, tells all, and raises some highly interesting questions about U.S. relations with the Western Hemisphere's most primitive dictatorship. . . . Sir **Arnold Lunn** retraces with us his recent tour of American Catholic circles, and remarks on the sad decline in the zeal to teach, to propagate the faith. Along the way he constructs a strong apology for apologetics. . . . **Barbara Vaccariello,** who lives in Los Angeles and wrote the obituary of Chief William Parker for *NR* (August 9, 1966), takes a long, critical look at a recent Paul Jacobs piece on the Los Angeles Police Department. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** performed the sad (but proud) duty of delivering some remarks at the bier of the late Frank Chodorov, long time associate of this magazine, renowned individualist, gentle man. One final salute to a noble warrior.

➔ **James Burnham,** home again after an extended tour of Africa and Europe, describes the ritualistic anti-Americanism of Belgian television programing (Why should Belgium hate the U.S.? After all, we haven't done anything for them *recently*), and expands the subject with a query on the communications industry generally. . . . **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** writing from the standpoint of an educated European, describes America and the American "image" as they shine through the troubles and contradictions of American policy and action. There are reasons other than alienation for foreigners to be skeptics on Washington. . . . Have you been to the Caribbean recently? **Alec Waugh** suggests that you go before it's been entirely paved over. And, if you insist on enjoying the unspoiled island paradise, go to Dominica (see p. 86). It's the last one now.

➔ Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** (English; Dartmouth) takes note of the truly enormous traffic in re-issuing the works of John Dos Passos, who last year celebrated his 70th birthday. There is much to be said about the stance and style of this great writer. Purity of diction facilitates translation. Did you know that Dos Passos is the most translated of modern American writers? . . . **M. Stanton Evans,** editor of the *Indianapolis News*, reviews a selection of columns by another journalist, the recently retired Arthur Krock, long the constitutionalist bone stuck in the throat of the Fabian *New York Times*. Mr. Evans' most recent book, *The Politics of Surrender*, was reviewed in our last issue. . . . **Arlene Croce** has seen five stage hits and near-misses, and you've got to read her to believe 'em. Her "little" magazine, *Ballet Review*, hardly one year old now, has achieved something of an international reputation—mainly, we like to think, because it is written better than anything except those parts of *NR* written by Miss Croce. (Applause.) ➔

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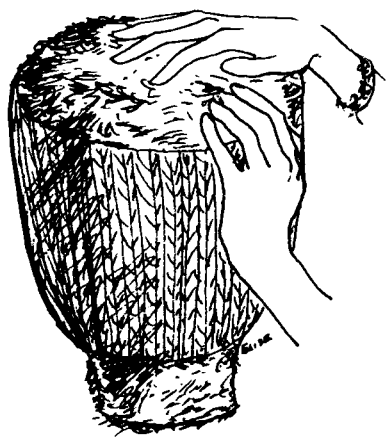

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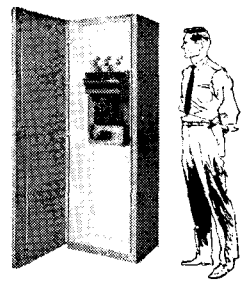

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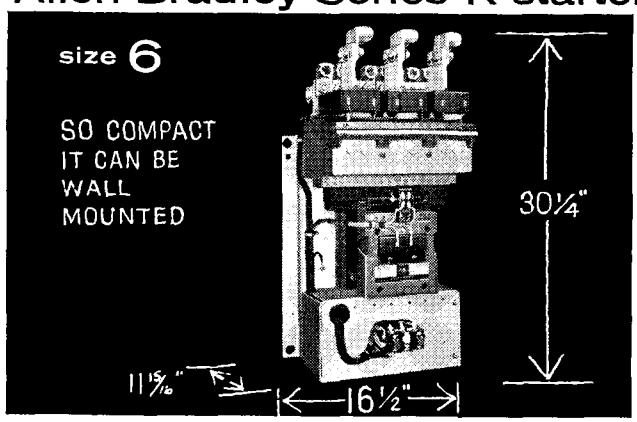

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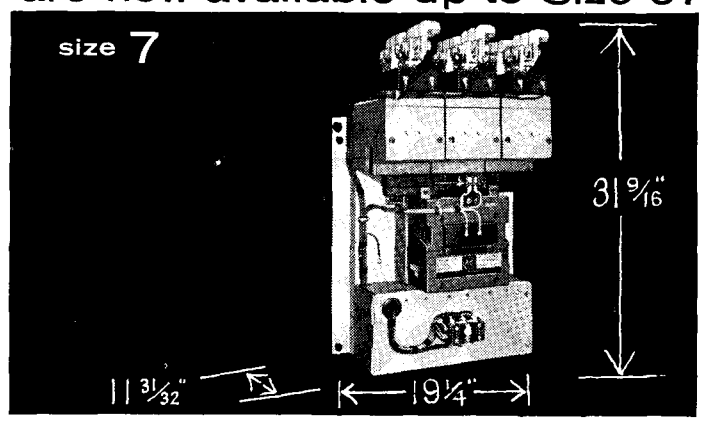
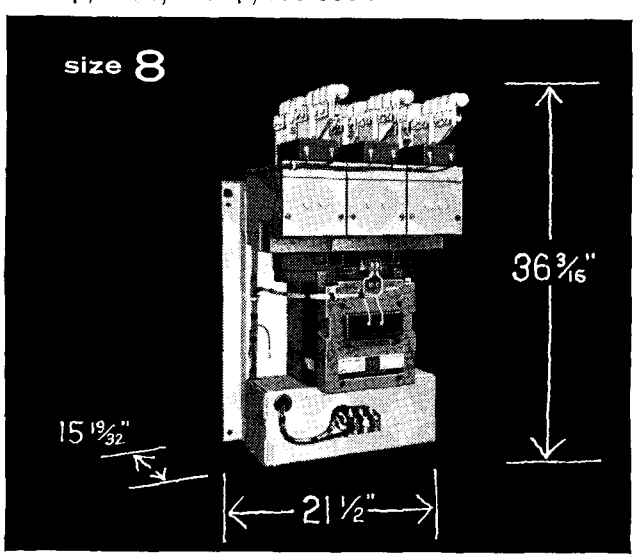
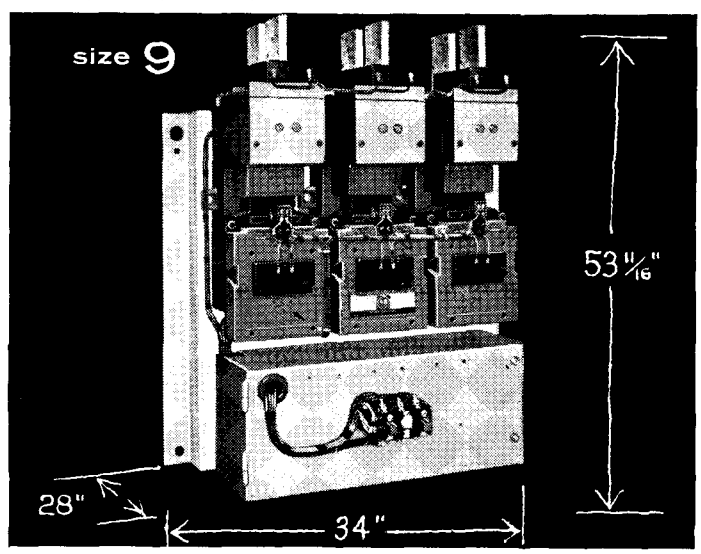


300 hp, 240 v; 600 hp, 480-600 v



450 hp, 240 v; 900 hp, 480-600 v



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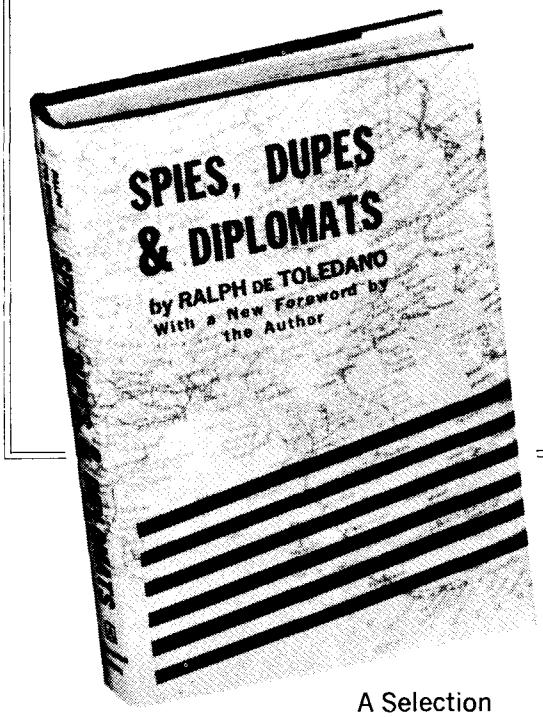

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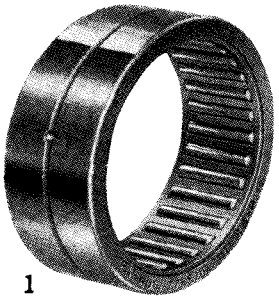
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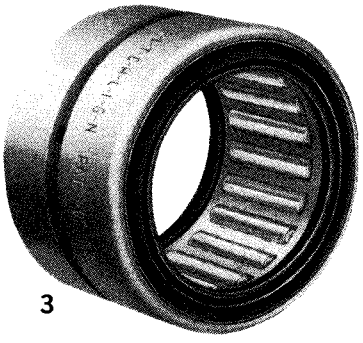
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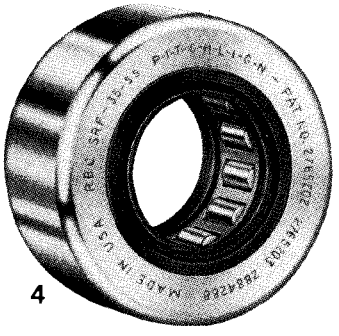
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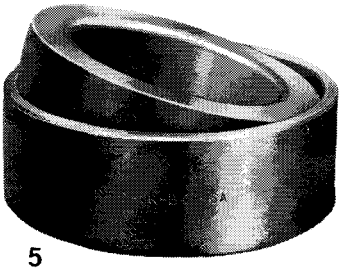
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TO THE EDITOR

The Bit-by-Bit War

Undoubtedly many will contend that the implementation of J. Bernard Burnham's ruthless "quantum jump" theory [Jan. 10] would destroy the precious principles of humanitarianism and "global brotherhood." But I am hoping such articles as "The Bit-by-Bit War" will serve to diminish the numbers of such people, who only fan the flames of ignorance which prolong Vietnam's suffering today. Thank you, Mr. Burnham.

Wynnewood, Pa. MARY LOUISE KELLY

On the Morning After

The "experts" who gave Nika Hazelton their hangover recipes [Jan. 10] must be blessed with amazingly cooperative wives or mistresses, for no man in his right mind would start the morning after in front of a hot stove dicing beef.

I cannot believe that in these days when welfare pays so well, and Washington taxes so enthusiastically, all these experts can have servants and cooks awaiting the master's orders on the morning of the First.

As for me, I stick with Alka-Seltzer and prayer.

New York, N.Y. B. WASIUTYNSKI

Double Entendre?

Why did you let W. H. Von Dreele get away with such sickening *double entendre* as he does in "Adam Clayton Powell" in the January 10 issue?

Pittsburgh, Pa. YANNIS YANNOPOULOS

Mr. Von Dreele's entendre: *". . . . While tracking Mr. Powell, I / Am tempted to identify / With ancient Athens watching Zeus / Give Hera an immortal goose . . ." etc. Why sickening? Why* double?—ED.

Auberon on Anglicanism

Auberon Waugh's "A Christmas Sermon" [Dec. 27] is a welcome defense of Christian soldiering against prevailing "Christian" sentimentality. The recent declaration of the National Council of Churches, and the righteous dismay and disconsolation aroused by Cardinal Spellman's cry for victory in Vietnam, make his arguments as timely as they are telling. That he concludes with a vulgar attack on the Anglican Church is lamentable, however, and can hardly be excused as mere wisecracking. Mr. Waugh is rightly disgusted with the leveling tendencies of ecumenism and would have, instead, the opposition of reason to error. But if he is offering as an example of such reasoned opposition his charge that the Church of England "was founded to

(Continued on p. 105)

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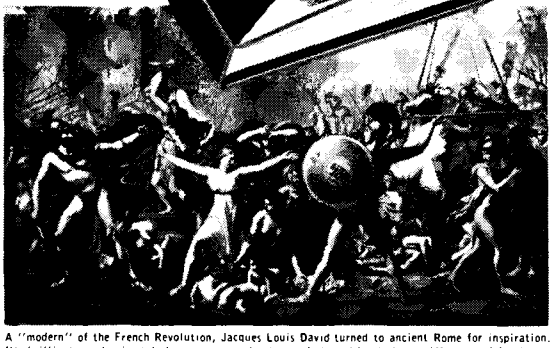
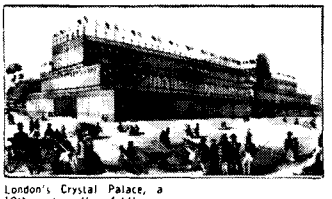
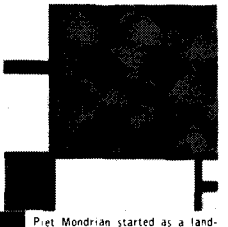


A "modern" of the French Revolution, Jacques Louis David turned to ancient Rome for inspiration. His brilliant neoclassic style became so popular it was imitated in clothes, coiffures, and furniture.



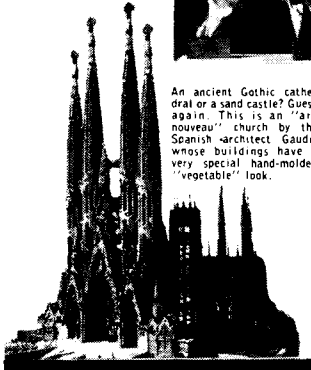
London's Crystal Palace, a 19th century "pre-fab" was modelled after glass greenhouses. Its designer was a landscape gardener named William Paxton.



Piet Mondrian started as a landscape painter, eventually simplified everything he saw into compositions of vertical and horizontal lines.

Umberto Boccioni's bronze figure in motion takes its inspiration from the fluttering draperies of Baroque and Hellenistic sculpture.

A feathery softness distinguishes this Seated Bather of Renoir, whose paintings celebrate the beauty of women and the sweetness of friendship.



An ancient Gothic cathedral or a sand castle? Guess again. This is an "art nouveau" church by the Spanish architect Gaudi, whose buildings have a very special hand-molded "vegetable" look.

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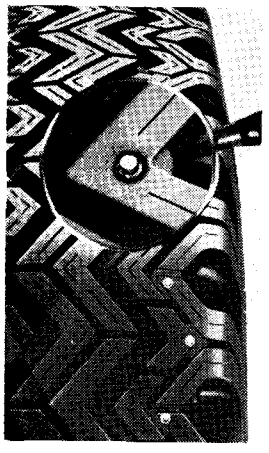

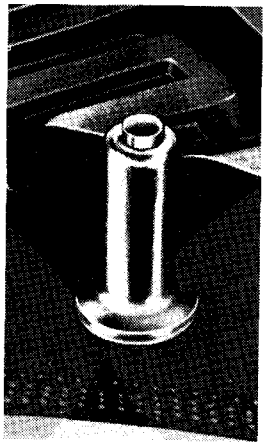

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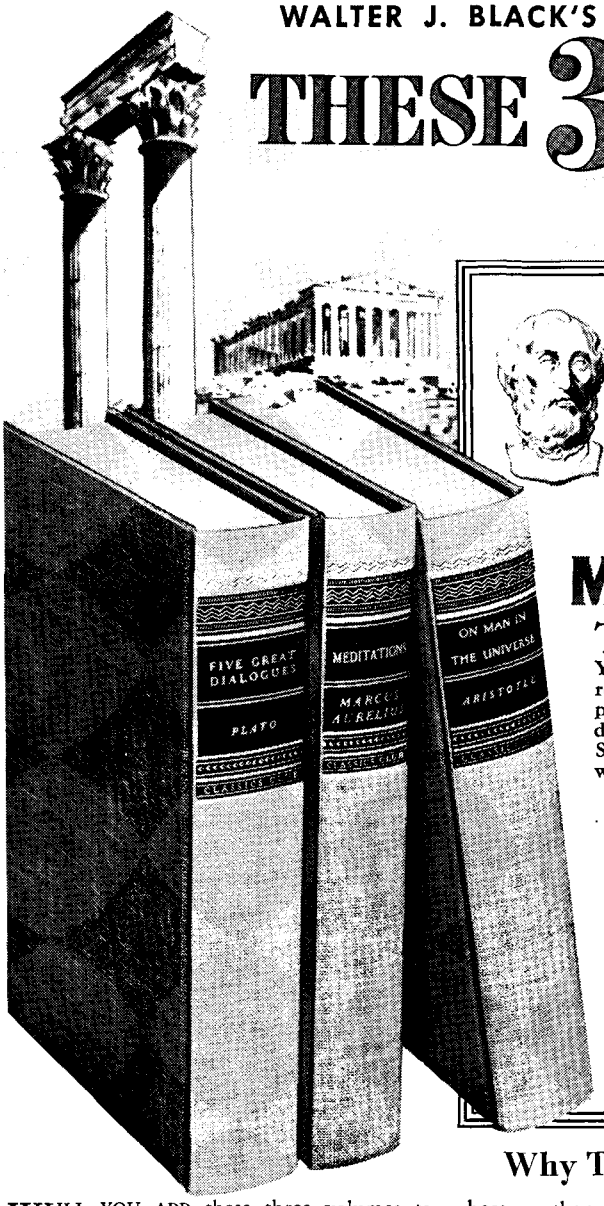

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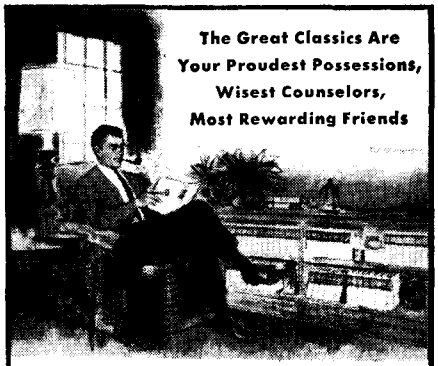

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The WEEK

● SIGN OF THE TIMES. In New York City there are 100,000 unemployed and no porters at Grand Central Station.

● Is Romney stepping up or stepping down? *We* can't tell the difference. *Item.* The governor establishes a research staff in Lansing. *Item.* The governor flies to New York in secret. *Item.* The governor needs an expert on foreign affairs. *Item.* The governor again flies to New York, for a holiday. *Item.* Javits tells a reporter that if Romney doesn't score Rockefeller will kick off. Implication: Romney hasn't scored, at least in New York. Do you see anybody flying to Lansing?

● Crooks, Democratic politicians, and civil libertarians join in berating Florida's new governor, Republican Claude R. Kirk Jr., for his plan to bring in a private detective agency to help rid the state of organized crime. Objections from the first two groups are to be expected; a possible cause of liberal ire is the fact that Governor Kirk's chosen agency, the Wackenhut Corporation (third largest in the country), has the effrontery to issue a monthly bulletin warning of the dangers of coexistence with the Soviet Union and suggesting that some extremist civil rights groups might possibly be under Communist influence.

● The New Left clears the air:—From a review in the *Village Voice* by David McReynolds: "But it is more urgent now for us to ask some of our own friends in the liberal and even in the socialist movement to break their ties with men like John Roche, intellectual commissar for Johnson, or men like Leo Cherne, Frank Trager, Louis Stolberg, Aaron Levenstein, Sidney Hook, and the others who signed the recent Freedom House ad in the *New York Times* in which they made their apologia for murder in Vietnam and became men as morally corrupted as those intellectuals who collaborated with Hitler or with Stalin (more corrupt—for they live still in a free society and could have refused to sign the ad). Who is the greater danger to American values—a Herbert Aptheker, who defended the Soviet actions in Hungary ten years ago, or the men I have just named who defend a far greater slaughter which is occurring now? How can we blame the New Left for its bitterness, when we realize that Roche was, until recently, chairman of ADA? I know he does not speak for ADA. I know in fact that ADA's position is a fairly good one on Vietnam. But when men like Roche, Trager, Levenstein, etc. can claim to be liberals and continue to move within that framework, one must not be too surprised if the New Left, observing this, charges that liberalism is morally bankrupt."

● Boeing, left at the altar by TFX, won what promises to be the biggest aeronautics contract of all time: construction of a 2,000 mph, 300-passenger, titanium-sheathed, 338-ton thunderbolt that will get you to Tokyo seven hours before you leave New York. No progress is reported in the program for getting from midtown to airport.

● Britain's hoped-for membership in the Common Market hinges, it is now clear, on meek obedience to Charles de Gaulle's vision of the shape of politics to come. Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville dangled the price tag last week, obviously anticipating the forthcoming visit of Harold Wilson to Paris. He described the issue of British membership as "a broad political problem that raises the whole question of what, in the political domain, may be the orientation of a Europe whose unity is being sought." The Great Nose may also be after happy unanimity among the present partners: at a meeting of heads of state in March, according to Couve de Murville, de Gaulle will inquire whether the six member nations "have similar conceptions regarding the détente, the end of the cold war, relations with the East and . . . the great European problems, beginning with the German problem."

● Senescent note: François Mauriac lately penned a worshipful piece on de Gaulle wherein the Great One's detractors are likened unto dogs yapping at their master and "dwarfs attempting to throw this imperturbable rider off balance." But the biggest stir arose over Mauriac's unscheduled performance in a Paris music hall: when a young comedienne offered a song poking innocuous fun at the Imperturbable Rider, Mauriac booed and, it is said, used foul oaths. Sales of a recording of the song skyrocketed.

● The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, which held a mammoth convocation two years ago in New York for *Pacem in Terris*, will hold another in May, in Geneva, for *Pacem* in guess where. Talent is now being scouted in North Vietnam, Japan and Cambodia though not, apparently, in South Viet-

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nam, the Philippines, or Taiwan. In 1965, as we remember, the convoked—2,000 scholars, diplomats, theologians and various other almighties—took three days to agree that the U.S. should get out of Vietnam. Well, we've got until May.

Course for the Opposition?

The opening days of the new Congress indicate that a majority, made up of most Republicans plus many conservative Democrats, is critical of the Johnson Administration. The question now is whether this critical majority can form itself into an effective opposition—a task very difficult to carry through under our system of government.

An effective opposition rightly keeps a stern eye on *all* the acts and proposals of the Executive, but a narrower focus is required if the opposition is to become politically convincing to the voting public. To make a serious impression, it is necessary for the opposition to concentrate on a small number of issues that are not only important in themselves but are felt to be important by public opinion. It is also a good thing if there is a reasonably good chance of winning on one or two of them; in politics a perpetual loser is not very attractive.

The entire record of the Great Society and the myriad grave problems, foreign and domestic, confronting the nation are up for appraisal by the 90th Congress. Among the points that qualify for strategic concentration, we suggest the following to Republican Senate leader Everett Dirksen, House leader Gerald Ford, their colleagues of the GOP and their possible allies of the Democrats' conservative wing:

1) The treaty with the Soviet Union renouncing weapons in space will be before the Senate for ratification. This treaty is a fraud. It includes no provisions for inspection of any kind. Arming space vehicles is possible today, and year by year, will become more easily possible. There is nothing to stop the Soviet Union from putting weapons into space whenever it chooses to do so—nothing, that is, except the word of the Communists, and it is a fraud on our own citizens, as well as a grave danger to our future security, to imply, by signing such a treaty, that a Communist's word can be trusted. The treaty is additionally fraudulent in hiding the fact that military systems (reconnaissance, intelligence) already exist in space, and that elements of larger systems (space platforms, laboratories, etc.) capable of overnight nuclear arming are in active development by both sides. And this treaty is thirdly fraudulent in covering up the true present relation between the Communists, including the Soviet Communists, and ourselves. Soviet arms and men are included in, are essential to, the armies now killing our men in Vietnam. Does this entitle them to our trust with respect to the military dimension which within a decade or so will be decisive for all mankind? We believe that an informed, responsible, and firm critique would win the backing of the voters and the rejection of the treaty.

2) The President has asked for a 6 per cent surtax on everyone's income tax in order, as it is being presented, "to pay for the Vietnam war and the War on Poverty." To increase taxes (up to a point) in order to meet necessary and proper expenses is an act of economic statesmanship. To increase taxes only in order to permit still wilder extravagances is irresponsible demagogy. It should be the business of the opposition, we believe, not to denounce this proposed surtax, but to insist that the nation get something for its money. This means, on the Vietnam war, that the opposition should demand a clear military and political as well as fiscal accounting of the conduct of the war. In particular, the opposition should demand an adequate explanation—if there is one—of the restrictions placed on the type of military operations. When MiGs are attacking our aircraft, why are our pilots prohibited from bombing MiGs on the ground, *before* they take off and start firing? When North Vietnamese military operations, which kill our soldiers, depend—as even the Harrison Salisburys recognize—on supplies shipped to Haiphong, why are our commanders forbidden to shut down Haiphong harbor? Let there be answers to such questions more intelligible than cryptic generalities from Secretary McNamara and the incumbent White House press officer.

3) And before assigning more money and new taxes to the War on Poverty, the opposition should insist on an accounting of *that* war, too, to date. What has it accomplished—other than to provide government jobs for tens of thousands of political hangers-on and unproductive local handouts to keep the Democratic machines well oiled? When will some sort of order be brought into the chaos—and chicanery —of its fiscal practices?

4) However much fakery there may be in the sloganeering War on Poverty, the critical urban problems to which it is in large part supposed to be addressed are real enough, and have in many cities gone beyond the possibility of isolated local handling. A number of persons have in the past year or two put forward one or another program for enlisting the large-scale support of private industry in a coordinated attempt to deal more effectively with the slums and other manifestations of the spreading urban decay. Freshman Senator Charles Percy is reported eager to push a proposal along these lines. The approach, in contrast to the Great Society's merely statist and handout measures, deserves atten-

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tion, study and the beginning of positive action by an opposition that would wish to be taken seriously.

Writhing Dragon

The stories coming out of China in recent months have been so outlandish that it is hard to think of them as having any reference to real life. Six thousand young men and women swimming seven miles down the Yangtze in the wake of Chairman Mao; a ping-pong player explaining how a phrase of Maoist dialectic so improved his forehand smash that he won the tournament; marching soldiers armed only with the text of *Protracted War;* teen-age Red Guards beating grandmothers for possessing teapots or family photographs; old men loaded down with placards proclaiming their sins of bourgeois deviationism; posters and counter-posters denouncing every well-known party and governmental leader; finally, riots, tear gas, shots, "fingers and noses chopped off" (of 60,000 persons, according to a Czech dispatch), killings: it is more like one of those fantastic days-long Chinese operas than history. But by now it is certain that something is going on, something convulsive and critical even if no one knows at all clearly what it is.

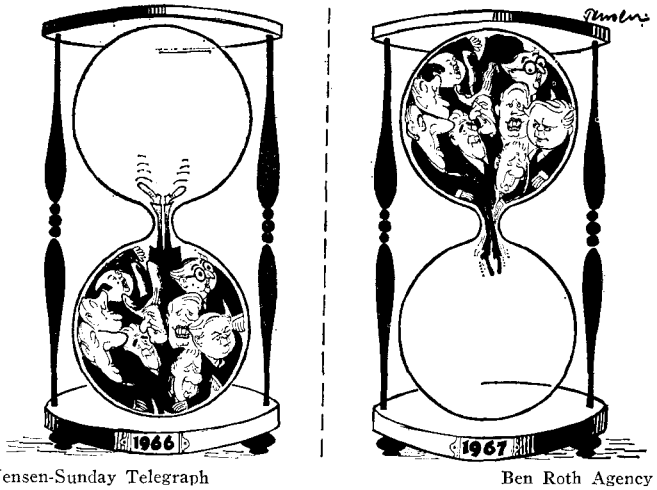
The details are impossible, for the time being, to verify. However, we can perhaps make out part of the form of what is happening. Fundamentally, this would seem to be a critical stage in "the struggle for succession" that occurs from time to time in every enterprise, but most fiercely in a revolutionary enterprise that has no accepted principle of legitimacy. Mao Tse-tung is old, ill, and very probably mad—at the least, bemused in the fanatic megalomania that is the usual hallmark of the aging despot. Defense Minister Lin Piao is evidently Mao's choice as his successor. The majority of the party leadership has not agreed to Lin; and, in truth, it is not merely this or that individual but the entire aging generation of the makers of the Revolution that must soon be replaced. The leaders have not been able to resolve their differences among themselves, and therefore the opposing factions must seek support beyond their own circles.

Within the leadership, the anti-Mao group apparently had a majority. The Mao-Lin group, not being willing to give way, was forced to make the first move to break out of the bureaucratic impasse. In the name of revolutionary purity it called the Red Guards—the mass of militant youth—into the streets. For several weeks the youth, licensed to let loose its zeal and its destructive energies, roared along against little resistance. But as excesses mounted and virtually the entire leadership came under attack, the opposing faction had to fight back or be altogether crushed. A "Workers Red Corps" sprang up to counter the Red Guards. In the past week or so the level of the conflict has been rising, in some cases, to fairly large scale armed encounters, with many casualties.

When a leadership is hopelessly divided, there is no way to avoid "the appeal to the masses"—to the union members, the stockholders, the voters, the citizens. And once the dispute gets outside the leadership compound, there is no way to make sure where the conflict may lead. The masses, roused to action, may not be content to stop when Y is comfortably seated in X's chair, or Z gets control of the treasury. The masses may have ideas of their own, or may pick up ideas as they go along. For the moment at least, some of the people of mainland China have begun acting and presumably thinking outside the prescribed monolithic categories that have bound their lives and minds under the Maoist Empire. If this process goes much further, anything might happen.

Whatever happens, one conclusion is already certain. Once more the touted experts have fallen on their silly faces. For a decade they have been telling us that the Peking government was wholly consolidated, that Chinese Communism was here to stay forever, that the Chinese people fully supported the regime, etc. These have been the arguments on which they based the proposal for recognizing the Peking government diplomatically and admitting it to the UN. The façade drops and shows us a cracked and shaky derelict.

Anything, we repeat, may come out of circumstances like these. We will not suggest that the Free Chinese Army should attempt a landing tomorrow; but the idea of "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," dismissed for so long as a quixotic absurdity, is proved by these events to belong among realistic contingent plans. And further, this paralyzing internal chaos in China should remove the fear of "a confrontation with China" that has been one of the motives for the masochistic restrictions Washington imposes on our military action in Vietnam. Finally: What better time than right now to carry out the destruction of the Chinese nuclear installations? Or



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do we prefer to give the Chinese Communists sufficient breathing space to solve their internal struggle and settle down to exploit the political and military fruits of an expanding nuclear armament?

The Jig Is Up, Baby

The sacking of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. from the chairmanship of the Committee was an unalloyed vindication of justice and conscience. To be sure, there are those who have tried to opportunize on it, for instance, by suggesting that while the Democratic caucus was at it, it should have removed William Colmer of Mississippi from the chairmanship of the House Rules Committee. To have done any such thing would be to confuse personal convictions and larcenous conduct as equally disqualifying. William Colmer is a Southern conservative whose rights to the chairmanship of the Committee are based on seniority. It would have been as wrong to deny him his post in advance of any evidence that he will abuse his privileges, as it would have been wrong to deny Adam Powell his post when first he occupied it four years ago.

The subsequent vote, to suspend Powell's voting rights pending a full inquiry into his sordid affairs, was probably incautious. The temptation to rebuke Powell is, to be sure, a temptation to behave honorably. But look, in fact, at what happened: the division was pretty much political. On one side almost all Republicans and rural and Southern Democrats, on the other side most of the big city Democrats. The tug of politics, in other words, greatly affected that last vote. And indeed you had people like Robert Kennedy and Jacob Javits expressing a fussy concern for the temporary deprivation of Harlem's voice in the House of Representatives, which is a laugh considering that Harlem's voice has spent most of the time representing his constituents in the Bahamas.

But everybody understood that the ejection of Powell under current circumstances carried political overtones. And when congressmen are not seated, it should be in punishment of high moral or legal irregularities. That Mr. Powell is guilty of these is a fact about as incandescent as the midday sun. But procedures count, and it is the rule that congressmen are expellable only by a two-thirds vote, and it is at least a presumption that that vote should be taken only after a full hearing. Congressman Udall called it "overkill" to suspend Powell pending the five-week investigation, especially now that he had been deprived of his effective power as Chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. Why not proceed with the investigation, and argue the case for expelling Powell before the entire Congress when all the facts are neatly accumulated; and of course permit Mr. Powell to give his defense, which of course will be to accuse all his accusers of racism.

Thus should it ideally have gone, leaving Powell at least for a few weeks more, occupying his seat. And the tradition-watchers, let us record, have made a good point about the danger of politicalizing such action as is taken against an individual member of Congress.

But in the future, the fact that Congress finally came to life on the issue of Adam Powell is certain to outweigh the danger it ran by its procedural precipitateness. The courageous Lionel Van Deerlin, Democrat of California, scoffed at the notion that Powell had not had his day in court. "Nearly a dozen judges in New York State," he commented, "will tell you where the fault lies. We who are charged with helping write the laws of the land must show respect for those laws, and more particularly, for the other branch of government. If Article I, Section 6, is to be so twisted to provide protective cover, if the election to the House of Representatives carries a license for scofflaws, if this chamber is to become a haven for fugitives, then . . . God help the Congress of the United States."

Powell's defense was that he has not been charged with a felony, to which the answer is, not yet. It isn't always exactly clear, but somehow it has crept into the governing ethic that if you steal money that belongs to the government, somehow that isn't exactly theft. It seems to be incontrovertibly clear that Mr. Powell used government money to transfer himself, his friends, and his harem to the watering spots of our prodigal planet. What he committed against the lady in Harlem was not a felony, but his subsequent refusal to obey court orders makes him something more than merely a traffic-offense scofflaw. "This building," said Adam Powell, pointing to the Capitol, "houses the biggest bunch of elected hypocrites in the world." And earlier, on the floor of the House, he spoke about the skeletons in the congressmen's closets. Well, let him disinter those skeletons, no matter what are the consequences of the exposure. It would be the most public-minded contribution of his career.

Inside the Liberal Mind

When Adolf Hitler crossed the Rhine,
I bristled like a porcupine.
When Fokkers flattened Warsaw, wow,
I wrote the *Times*: The time is NOW.
Likewise, when threatened by the Jap
I hardly *ever* closed my yap.
(If Mao were a Nazi pig,
I'd go for bombing China, big!)

W. H. VON DREELE

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ It is rare that the American Conservative Union and the liberal Ripon Society agree, but both have issued reports on last month's GOP Governors' Conference in Colorado Springs concluding that it was the conservatives who came out on top. "Only four of the 25 Republican-governed states are 'eastern'," noted the Ripon report as it struggled to explain how conservatives took 3-2 control of the Association's Executive Committee (the three: Governors Reagan, Babcock and Kirk). The ACU report went further and noted that while conservatives were outnumbered 12-5 before the November elections, they now include at least thirteen of the 25 GOP governors. "This does not mean," said the ACU, "that the Republican Governors Association now is a 'conservative' group," but rather "that the Association is no longer 'liberal'—and cannot be used by the liberals within the GOP as their vehicle in national and Presidential politics."

◆ And the main interest was decidedly in Presidential politics. That means Romney and Reagan. Ripon notes of Romney's Colorado Springs press conference that "he left both his admirers and those who came to be impressed wondering" and that "once again the press corps found Romney unprepared and wanting in substance. Before his campaign had officially begun, he was losing key reporters and columnists. The level of press criticism was sure to escalate." As for Reagan, ACU reports that he "was a more convincing non-candidate than Romney, yet kept all the doors to 1968 open." Ripon agrees. Reagan, it reports, "showed the sophisticates and hardened pros . . . that he was in the game for keeps." After his press conference "the review was nearly unanimous: Ronald Reagan in any capacity would be a force to reckon with at the 1968 Republican National Convention." Ripon warns its liberal readers that, if things keep going as they are, "the odds would favor a conservative-oriented outcome" in 1968.

◆ The one issue considered at the Governors' Conference was the proposal to share federal income taxes with the states, which will be one of the principal Republican proposals in Congress this year and in the 1968 elections. Some conservatives back the idea as a means of strengthening state governments, but others fear that it would have the opposite effect—that it would make the states more dependent on the Federal Government as the source of their revenues. What is needed, they say, is a reduction of federal spending, allowing the states to raise their expenditures when more programs are needed and initiated. Also working against the tax-sharing proposal are two recent reports —one by a congressional committee, the other by the Tax Foundation, Inc.—which conclude that the states will have more than enough revenue to meet their needs in coming years and that some states may even be able to reduce taxes. Governor Reagan's approach at the Colorado Springs Conference was to propose that the money should remain with the states in the first place. The governors accepted his suggestion.

◆ House Republican leaders held orientation conferences for their freshman congressmen several days before Congress convened, at a country retreat near Washington. Reports from the closed-door sessions indicate that the GOP will continue to pursue a hard-line foreign policy. Leading the discussion on national defense was Dr. Robert Crane of the Hudson Institute, who urged 1) an "area-defense" anti-missile system, and 2) U.S. support of a South Vietnamese "war of liberation" inside North Vietnam as a counter to Vietcong insurgency. Dr. Richard V. Allen of the Hoover Institution told the freshman Republicans that any East-West trade deal should include a "political concession" on the part of the Soviets, such as a cut in aid to North Vietnam or demolition of the Berlin Wall.

◆ Meanwhile the *Democrat*, organ of the Democratic National Committee, has been resorting to space-filling biographies of the fourteen freshman Democrats in the House—most of them Southerners who won't be too friendly to LBJ's legislative proposals. Indeed, featured with a photograph was Rep. John R. Rarick of Louisiana, a segregationist who defeated racial moderate Rep. James H. Morrison in the Democratic primary. In return for this boost from the Democratic National Committee, Rarick called for a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats to reorganize the House of Representatives and oust the "leftists."

—CATO

Guest Editorial by Howard K. Smith

Credibility and the 'Times'

In the shifting sands of a difficult era this reporter's one-time employer, the *New York Times*, has always been a rock to cling to. In its pages truth was to be found as nearly as mortal reporters working under pressure of deadlines could approach it.

It is a matter of concern now to find that on the issue of Vietnam—which should call forth the *Times'* qualities of hard digging for facts and full, careful reporting of them—the old lady has begun cutting corners and abandoning pretenses of balanced reporting.

This dismay is crystalized, though not originated, by the reporting of Harrison Salisbury from Hanoi. Mr. Salisbury is one of the dozen best reporters using this language. He knows that Hanoi let him in not in the interests of scientific truth but for a special purpose: North Vietnam's lone hope is to

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erode the morale of Americans at home and cause them to give up. It was therefore incumbent on Mr. S. to exercise with double care all the usual requirements of good journalism.

When we both worked for the United Press, Salisbury and I had it drummed into us that the very first fact in any dispatch had to be the name of the source of the ensuing information. Yet he reported from Hanoi the other day detailed figures of civilian casualties in our bombings and gave no source at all. The impression was that he had satisfied himself that the figures were right.

Two days later, after the impact had gone too far in papers all over the nation to be caught up with, he casually revealed that the source was the Communist information apparatus whose respect for truth has not been famous. A week later, we find that Hanoi published the figures in a propaganda pamphlet a month before.

Asked about this purveying of Communist propaganda information without qualification, the *Times*' Managing Editor, Mr. Clifton Daniel, asked innocently where else would Salisbury get information? Well, Mr. Daniel should know that American correspondents in totalitarian countries go to great lengths to acquire a list of alternate sources of information.

In Nazi Germany one of the *Times*' own alternate sources was an excellent German journalist named Ernst Lemmer who after the war became Adenauer's minister for All-German Affairs. In Hanoi, Salisbury himself reported the existence of a Western colony, whose members might have useful information. In any case, we on the *Times*' staff in Berlin would never have been permitted by our managing editor to propagate Nazi information without clearly labeling it.

There is a good deal more in Mr. Salisbury's dispatches that falls below the belt. He reported extensive damages by us in the town of Namdinh and said we have never in any communiqué "asserted that Namdinh contains some facility that the U.S. regards as a military objective." He is wrong, which is forgivable; but he does not try to be right, which is not: There have been at least three U.S. communiqués reporting attacks on military objectives in Namdinh.

This set of reports is not isolated. The *Times* reported early last year that American soldiers had turned Saigon into one big brothel. The report was one of the sort Winston Churchill used to call "terminological inexactitudes" in order to avoid use of the ugly little blunt monosyllable. However, Senator Fulbright picked it up and used it to dirtify a generation of U.S. soldiers.

The *Times*' editorials have been using questionable language for some time. The other day one said, "Hanoi has made it clear to all questioners that it will not negotiate while North Vietnam is being bombed." Now if there is any purpose to stating the situation that way, it is to imply that North Vietnam would negotiate if bombing stopped. Well, there is not an iota of substantiation for that. The ways of diplomacy are infinite, and if that is what Hanoi thinks, it could convey it without loss of face, and the bombing would stop. The present Administration is anxious to the point of incaution to quit fighting if given a crumb of hope.

Every reporter makes mistakes. Heaven knows this reporter has made his share. Deadlines dominate journalism and they do not wait till a reporter has all the information that will be available to historians ten or twenty years hence. However, the *Times*' carelessness about the simple basic precautions of fair and accurate reporting has become suspicious. If one were given to phrase-mongering one might say it has dug its own credibility gap.

The Kennedys Day by Day

Any American who cannot at any moment reach out to a warm newspaper or TV set and put his hand on a Kennedy is being deprived of his birthright. The Kennedys are part of the abundance of American life, like refrigerators and motels. Everyone should have the right to demand his share. On Monday Ethel steals a horse. On Tuesday Bobby goes to the mat with Hoover. On Wednesday Jackie fights for her privacy. Thursday, Ethel is in court. Friday, John-John gets the measles. Saturday, Jackie wears new dark glasses. Sunday, some of them go to Antigua and the rest go to Sun Valley.

Life goes on. The Kennedys go on. Will Jackie marry in '67? Will it be the Spanish ambassador to the Vatican? ("Rubbish!") The Hilton Hotel executive? ("Nonsense!") The Kennedy Library architect? ("Absurd!") Will Ethel have another baby in '67? Another horse? Will Bobby hold the teen-age vote? Will Teddy leave home?

And what of '68? Here politics, grisly politics, beclouds Gasoline Alley. Can Bobby, as Robert F. Kennedy, ragmop candidate, torch-bearer, champion of *sauve-qui-peut* liberalism, make it to the White House? Reality forces us to note that neither of the Kennedy brothers commands much actual power in terms of power politics—their men, with few exceptions, did badly in last year's elections—and that Citizens Committee for Kennedy and Fulbright, to boom both men for the Presidential ticket in '68, never moved beyond its mysterious formative stages in Ivy League dens and drawing rooms.

Kennedy watchers know their darlings are never long out of sight. They don't need to go and put

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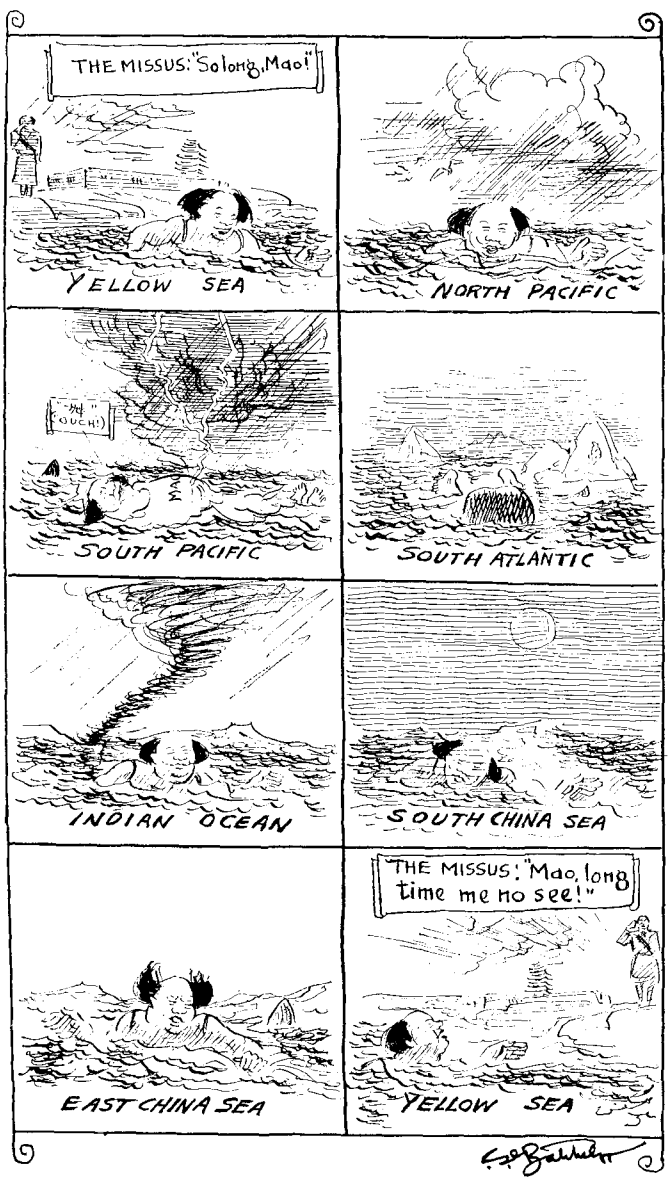
them in the White House to make sure of getting the most out of them. Perhaps if Bobby is serious about being elected he should cast himself into exile—McLean, Va., Colombey-les-deux-Eglises, someplace like that, where no TV comes in and no news goes out. Jackie would go with him, in her Pucci sarong, and the children, and Ethel, and the children. We would learn what life is like without them. And Jackie would find privacy at last. As things are now, she can't even save the Old Met in peace.

Joey Flynn, Janet Caniano, RIP

On December 28, Joey Flynn, 6, and his aunt Janet Caniano, 18, set out to spend an afternoon sledding in a nearby park in Queens, New York. They decided to walk over a railroad overpass to save several city blocks. The railroad engineer reports that he spotted them about 100 feet from the end of the trestle, and that he simultaneously, and instantaneously, pulled the whistle and slammed the emergency brakes. The children began to run and were within five feet of safety when the locomotive overtook them, killing them instantly. Joey's mother and Janet's sister, Rose Flynn, who has been NATIONAL REVIEW's bookkeeper for ten years, reported her only child and only sister missing when they failed to return for dinner. The police had been waiting for such a call, not knowing the identities of the pathetic young bodies. The editors and staff of NATIONAL REVIEW extend to their beloved friend and associate Rose Flynn, and to her husband and parents, their heartfelt sorrow on their stunning loss. Joey came often to the offices of *NR* to wait patiently while his mother wrestled with *NR*'s unbalanceable books, an endeavor in which Janet, during the summer holidays, would participate. We knew them as a captivating boy and endearing young girl, and know therefore at first hand the depths of the survivors' bereavement, and share in it.



Notes and Asides

We heartily congratulate the new young owners of *Human Events*, the weekly newsletter magazine in Washington, D.C., Messrs. Allan Ryskind (son of Morrie), Thomas Winter, and Robert Kephart, who have worked out arrangements to purchase the stock of the corporation from Mr. Milton Wick who, because of failing health, has decided to pass along the property to junior members of the staff. We wish them all the best.

LEGAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER. The U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the ruling of the lower court to the effect that the petitioner William F. Buckley Jr. could not sue the *New York Post* for libel (see *NR* June 1, 1965) in the State of Connecticut. Next step: a trial. In Albany, the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court turned down NATIONAL REVIEW's petition to postpone Linus Pauling's appeal from the ruling of the trial judge (throwing out his libel suit—see *NR* May 17, 1966) until the Supreme Court hands down a couple of verdicts next June on generic libel cases that would appear to apply to the *NR*-Pauling case. Next step: Attorney Louis Nizer has until this week to file his brief (showing why the trial judge should be reversed); *NR* has until Feb. 10 to file its answers; oral arguments will be heard probably in early March. If Pauling wins a reversal, we go back to trial. If Pauling loses but has the vote of one judge on his side, he may appeal to the New York Court of Appeals.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Who Paints the Image?

In Belgium, as in nearly all nations except the United States, radio-TV is a government monopoly. There are two TV bands only, one for the French-speaking half of the population, the other for the Flemish. A couple of months ago the French Program presented a major feature, "*Contrastes*," on American influence in Belgium. Technically the production was first-rate. Its primary themes were: 1) the United States is vulgar and barbaric, without any true culture; 2) the United States is a militaristic aggressor; 3) American investments in foreign countries (and in Belgium specifically) are a new form of colonialism.

Burnham

Contrastes presented the non-culture theme visually by a suitably edited choice of scenes from contemporary American life. There were shots of black-jacketed motorcyclists, way-out beatniks, writhing rock-'n'-rollers, headline-screaming tabloids, sex magazine covers, and so on. The viewers were spared any complicating sight of America's multiplying symphony orchestras, art museums, repertory theaters, research laboratories, superb new buildings, college campuses, adult education centers or the applications of advanced technology by which literature, science, music and painting have been made accessible to everyone.

American militarism was summed up by a sequence in which the Statue of Liberty's light went off, to be replaced by the mushroom of an A-bomb explosion.

There was a good deal on the meaning of American investments: artful statistics; distorted snippets from an interview with the Minister of Economic Affairs, to lend an air of official respectability; to make everything clear by a universal symbol, a montage showing, in counterpoint to shots of American-backed business operations in Belgium, the Greedy American inserting a coin in a slot machine, pulling the handle and hitting the jackpot.

Nothing directly falsified in all this, except perhaps a few of the statistics. Nobody can deny that there are black-leathered toughs, pornographic magazines, screaming teen-agers and lots of A-bombs in America, or that many American firms do make money out of foreign investments.

Brussels Mafia

The producer of this show and its principal commentator are politically active left-wing intellectuals. The director is a Communist, lately swung into the Peking camp. The general director of the entire French Program is a close political as well as personal friend of the producer. In practice, a clique of left-wing socialists and fellow travelers—"the mafia," it is called within the organization—controls much of the programing on the French half of Belgium's TV system. Week in, week out, it fills a portion of viewing time with propaganda along these *Contrastes* lines.

Does presentation of *Contrastes* by the government-owned TV indicate that Belgium is ruled by Communists, leftists or some other sort of fanatic anti-Americans? Not at all. Belgium is notoriously bourgeois, dynamically business-minded, consistently anti-Communist; its economy is strong, prosperous and advancing. It has been firm politically and is one of our most satisfactory trade partners. Its doors are open to American tourists, businessmen, diplomats and soldiers; its citizens mingle freely with Americans. A visit such as I made two weeks ago offers daily proof that most Belgians of all classes are, or want to be, pro-American.

Of all classes, that is, but one. In Belgium as in every other advanced Western nation, a substantial proportion of the artists and intellectuals are, in today's jargon, "alienated," and have defected one or another degree to the Left. Some of them are linked with the Communist enemies of the West who thereby acquire a powerful leverage on the intellectual community. The personnel handling the content side of the mass communications media — press, radio-TV, movies, theater—are recruited from among the intellectuals. They cannot be expected to renounce the juicy ideological opportunities placed at their disposal.

The government administrators and ministers who are formally responsible for the TV network are not anti-American. They don't understand very well what the producers, directors and writers are up to; and insofar as they do, they shy away out of fear of becoming themselves the intellectuals' targets, of being displayed to the mass public as fascist destroyers of artistic freedom and puppets of American neo-imperialism.

Appeasement's Harvest

I have drawn my case history from Belgium, but it can be duplicated from any other European nation and —need I add?—from our own. The condition I here describe is a running wound in the flank of the West. It is idle to dream of a quick cure. It is a fact that many intellectuals are alienated; it is a fact that these alienated intellectuals—some of them agents or dupes of the enemy—have major communications media frequently at their disposal; it is a fact that the way they use the media serves to undermine our society. But not all intellectuals are alienated, and intellectuals, in spite of their pretensions, are not the only repositories of our society's values, goals and interests. The Western nations will continue to be troubled by the gnawing of the defectors. But it does not seem necessary to retreat in such panic before the defectors' symbolic aggressions, to appease them quite so abjectly, to honor and reward—that is, attempt to bribe—them quite so fulsomely as is the current practice of our politicians and business leaders. Appeasement works no better on this front than on any other.

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Special Report

L. A. Police: As Seen from Olympus

BARBARA VACCARIELLO

In a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly,* Paul Jacobs offers a critique of the Los Angeles Police Department. Inaccuracies and distortions abound; one's first desire is simply to chuck it and go elsewhere for reason and objectivity. But the article demands study, because Jacobs speaks from that Olympus of liberalism, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

One relatively minor transgression suggests the abandon with which Jacobs shuffles facts and figures. To demonstrate an alleged over-emphasis on that phase of police activity, he says that 67 hours are devoted to "Citation Issuance" in training at the Police Academy, while only two hours are devoted to the Department's traffic enforcement policies. The *Recruit Officer Syllabus* reveals that 67 hours are devoted to "Traffic Function," comprising sixteen courses—one of which is "Citation Issuance."

Because he might be driven from Olympus if he didn't, Jacobs makes the inevitable plea for a civilian police review board. He charges that the LAPD has long resisted the idea, and that there is no avenue through which citizens can air their grievances other than the Department itself. He chooses to ignore the fact that the LAPD *is* civilian-controlled—by a Police Commission of five citizens appointed by the Mayor and approved by the City Council. A citizen may make complaints directly to the Commission or through any of several city, state and federal agencies.

Even when dealing with a subject as thoroughly investigated and reported on as the early stages of the Watts riots, Jacobs does not hesitate to render a wholly unrealistic report of an incident. He claims that one cause of the riots of August 1965 was the refusal of a high police official to meet with a group of Negro gang leaders—just that simple. The report of the Governor's Commission on the Los Angeles riots includes details that Jacobs overlooked:

"Following the main meeting, certain leaders adjourned to a small meeting where they had discussions with individuals representing youth gangs and decided . . . to propose that Caucasian officers be withdrawn from the troubled area, and that Negro officers in plain clothes and unmarked cars be substituted. Members of this small group then went to see Deputy Chief Roger Murdock at the 77th Street Station, where the proposals were rejected by him at about 7:00 P.M." The Commission's report goes on to note that the proposal to use only Negro officers would violate Department policy "adopted over a period of time at the urging of Negro leaders" to deploy Negro officers throughout the city, instead of in Negro areas only. According to the report, police officials "had no immediate means of determining where the Negro officers on the forces were stationed."

Over the Back Fence

Several paragraphs of Jacobs' article discuss the Group Guidance Section of the Los Angeles County Probation Department. According to Jacobs, Group Guidance attempted to work with gangs of Negro and Mexican youths and direct their activities into constructive channels. But because the LAPD "sees as its enemies" any agencies which stress crime prevention rather than the arrest and conviction of criminals, it viewed the project as nothing more than "coddling" of youthful offenders. So, says he, the Department put pressure on the Probation Department and other agencies to bring the operations of Group Guidance to an end in 1963. Then, skilfully evading any personal responsibility, Jacobs goes on to repeat various charges made against the LAPD by unidentified "supporters" of Group Guidance: that the Department harassed and arrested gang members "even when they had done no wrong"; that it exerted pressure on schools to expel gang members and on employers to fire them; that it forced the Parks and Recreation Department to deny use of facilities to gangs, and that it engaged in "verbal and physical abuse" of gang members.

A police official who was with the Juvenile Department at the time provided me with some facts behind the Group Guidance issue. True, the Department had criticisms of the program—specifically, that criminal activity by gangs increased after sponsorship by Group Guidance; that gang activity became more prevalent and more violent in nature when gangs gained the strong leadership which Group Guidance sought to develop within them; that gangs increased in size when their identification was known and well-defined, another policy of Group Guidance. These criticisms were transmitted to supervisors of the Group Guidance section over a period of several months during which the gang problem became more aggravated. Finally, members of the Police and Probation Departments laid their objections before a member of the County Board of Supervisors. Some time thereafter the program was discontinued. Any pressures exerted on other agencies to end the operations of Group Guidance came from sources outside the LAPD.

Finally, Jacobs speaks throughout his article of the necessity to "ease tensions," placing the burden, of course, on the LAPD. Yet he offers such choice descriptions as one of the police driving into Negro and Mexican neighborhoods "as if they were in occupied territory," and another of them "sitting in their cars, surrounded by their shotguns and riot equipment." And, as if he were whispering over a backyard fence, he repeats rumors and unsubstantiated charges and quotes unidentified sources.

In an address just a month before his death, the LAPD's late chief William Parker said: "I am convinced that the current practice in America to attack law enforcement as a matter of enjoyment or sadistic pleasure; as a dialectic in promoting a cause; as a matter of getting publicity or attracting public attention, has got to stop." One wonders what will have to happen before some magazine editors, never mind Olympians, are so convinced.

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Letter from the Continent

America's Troubles: the European View

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

I am repeatedly asked, on lecture tours of the United States, what Europeans are thinking about America's difficulties at home and abroad: principally, of course, the "race problem" and the war in Vietnam.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

As to the first, while so many Americans —whether Negro or white—seem to believe that change can be effected by legislation, most Europeans have their doubts. Americans tend to be legalists and pragmatists, witness the "noble experiment" of Prohibition. "There should be a law against it," is a popular American phrase. Staunchly republican in their outlook, Americans dislike and suspect the cult of personality and prefer the rule of law to that of persons. Europeans, on the other hand, are generally more aware that laws are notoriously ineffective in changing basic human attitudes. They tend to believe that the race question in America will be solved only by live social forces, not by political action or legislative fiat.

To be sure, government action in the social sphere is not unknown in Europe, but Europeans, it appears to me, are constitutionally less likely to attribute magical powers to government ordinances.

Again, professional and amateur anti-Americans naturally rejoice over riots and demonstrations in the United States, gloating (according to a cynical German proverb, the purest of joys) to see the nation that inveighed against racism so forcefully after the last war demonstrating to all and sundry that at least some of its citizens still practice it. The fact that there is no Auschwitz for American Negroes is conveniently overlooked.

There are also those who have or have had a stake in Africa and who feel a grim satisfaction now: they remember and resent America's anti-colonialist policies, the "Moscow-Washington Axis" with the two powers outbidding each other in anti-colonialist fervor and pressures. They wonder whether the United States can be so blind as not to see that the economic boycott of Rhodesia by the U.S. surely hurts the black Rhodesian native far more than the white settler. They know very well that the boycott of Spain on Stalin's behest in 1945-1948 did not make itself manifest on Generalissimo Franco's breakfast table. The racial difficulties of the United States, are, however, geographically remote for the Europeans, and it would be wrong to assume that they engage their burning interest. Nobody in Europe really thinks America's troubles in this area will have any greatly significant effect on the Continent.

The war in Vietnam, on the other hand, affects Europeans quite differently. They fear that America may commit herself still further in Southeast Asia and shrink her Eastern flank accordingly, putting Western Europe in jeopardy of a Soviet attack. (While this fear is not groundless, it might prove a blessing in disguise since it could force the European powers, France included, toward greater efforts in their own behalf. The mighty American presence in Europe has enabled them to coast too long!) If the Americans were to retreat from South Vietnam and withdraw from the southern Pacific, Peking could roll up all of Southeast Asia—and Australia and New Zealand as well. Red China would then extend practically to the Antarctic and the world would be cut in half. It would be ridiculous to suppose that this would not gravely affect the future of Europe, and no thinking European supposes it.

Apart from this psychologically understandable fear — resembling a child's fear of being deserted by its parents—there is also a purely political left-wing animus against America's presence in Vietnam, as well as a so-called "humanitarian" opposition. The first is no more than can be expected. But the humanitarian, the uncommitted leftist, the pacifist, the well-meaning peaceful citizen who wants only to do the "right thing": he is something else again. He demonstrates in his attitude the widening gap between *scita* and *scienda,* between what he ought to know about matters he passes judgment on and the information he does in fact possess. These disparate types exist side by side in Europe: the students of West Berlin's Free University who protest so vigorously against the war in Vietnam—to note just one group—include some leftists and some humanitarians. Since nobody in West Berlin can be drafted into the Bundeswehr this particular university has become a magnet for all the draft dodgers of Germany. No wonder they are predisposed against the "Wall Street War" with the Vietcong, whom they still credit with a majority following in Vietnam.

The Credibility Gap

To sum up, there are three types of Vietniks in Europe: those afraid of a deeper American commitment in Asia (among them not a few rightists), the professing leftists with a hard core of Communists, and finally the ruefully uninformed cry-babies. The latter two groups are also represented in the United States. The ignoramuses are a sign of our times, when more and more information is required of the responsible citizen. Their numbers could be decreased by the systematic dissemination of sound information on the Vietnam war among the general public—in Europe no less than in America. This type of information—call it propaganda if you will—has so far not been forthcoming. It is overlooked, or consciously omitted, by too many of the regular correspondents of the European papers in Washington and New York in their reports. But they could also, and understandably, be confused by the backings and fillings of the U.S. government on Vietnam policy which American correspondents have taken to calling the credibility gap.

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The Decline of the Anti-Communist Left

Have today's Liberals a death-wish? Is this why they no longer speak out against Communist totalitarianism? What happened in the Fifties to change them?

MAX GELTMAN

There was a time not so long ago when the term "anti-Communist Left" had real meaning for America and the free world. Made up of a coalescence of intellectuals who held in common a vague yearning for some kind of "democratic socialism," it was nevertheless a potent force in the struggle against Red totalitarianism. This was especially true in the late prewar and early postwar years. And it can be stated with a fair degree of accuracy that in those days, especially during the time of the Moscow Show Trials and in the years immediately following World War II, there was no more dedicated opposition to the Soviet myth than that inspired by the anti-Communist Left.

The men and women who made up this Left gave early and informed testimony to the crimes of Stalin at a time when the American people were being anesthetized by significant sectors of the big city press, the liberals journals of opinion—and an American ambassador in Moscow. This latter and undistinguished gentleman gave it as his studied opinion that the ugly charades being enacted for the benefit of world Communism and the Soviet secret police were models of juridical conduct and fair play. His *Mission to Moscow* received wide notoriety as a book and a movie, at the same time the anti-Communist Left carried on a rear guard action in the littlest of little magazines in the land. In all America, it then seemed, only a handful of publications, among them the *New Leader* under Sol Levitas, the *Commentary* of Elliot Cohen, and *Partisan Review*, dared print the truth about conditions in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

By the time the war was over, and Yalta and Potsdam had buried the hopes of the free people of East Europe, Iran was by way of becoming an added sacrifice to the landhunger of the men in the Kremlin, aided and abetted by the appeasers at home who had had it all their way for too long. It got so that the anti-Communist Left, smarting from the frustrations suffered during the war years when it was more treasonable in the eyes of certain liberals to be against Stalin than Roosevelt, finally resolved to speak out even at the risk of calling treason by its right name.

Fearful lest the appetite for appeasement on the part of America's professional liberals would never be satisfied, *Partisan Review*, edited then as now by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, let loose a blast heard round the liberal world. Its repercussions were widely felt and sides were chosen in that amorphous world of the Left that held firm for almost a dozen years. Certain it is that in our more brainwashed days, when the fine edge of anger against the enemies of freedom and virtue and upright liberty has been dulled almost to inaudibility by the anti-defamationists and litigious fellow travelers, the *Partisan Review* editorial in the issue dated Summer 1946, sounds even more daring than it did then. The editorial was titled: "The 'Liberal' Fifth Column."

Decade of Treason

Bluntly and with very little equivocation, the editors accused the prevailing liberalism of the decade of treason. ". . . We have in our midst," they declared, "a powerful vocal lobby willing to override all concerns of international democracy and decency in the interests of a foreign power. The foci of this infection are the newspaper *PM*, and the liberal weeklies the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. Insofar as the advantage of this foreign power becomes an exclusive end in itself, this lobby functions, as we shall show, as a virtual Fifth Column."

The *New Republic* was accused of "helping to shoot democrats, of every shade and color, in Germany, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria . . ." For *PM* the editors had nothing but contempt. The *Nation* was excoriated for its moral obtuseness and defiance of simple common sense. And it named names, too. I. F. Stone, Max Lerner, Ralph Ingersoll, Frederick Schuman, Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Claude Pepper, Henry Wallace—and even Nicholas Murray Butler, who, in his very old age, slipped a bit on the wee side of Red appeasement. The specific issue which prompted *Partisan Review* to denounce the tergiversations of the old-line "liberals" and the new-line appeasers was the problem of Iranian oil, a commodity which they were ready to hand over to Russia for her own "security" and for no other reason than that Stalin wanted Iranian oil—and Iran if he could grab it—whatever the Iranians might think about it. To this the editorial replied: "Yes, indeed, Russia must be secure even if we have to sacrifice the security of all her neighbors. What about Iran's security?" Then the editors added:

"The longer [Stalin] can operate in Europe, the more democrats he can shoot. Thanks in large part to his various Fifth Columns abroad, who consciously or unconsciously succeed in misleading public opinion. The 'liberals' of *PM*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, have always required easy whipping boys. . . . Every argument they use to justify intervention in Spain is a valid argument for intervention in Russia. Spain is totalitarian? Beside Stalin's monolithic police state Franco's fascism is a petty amateur affair. . . Spain gave aid to Hitler during the war? By the Russo-German Treaty of 1939 Russia gave the indispensable aid, which was the very possibility of launching war.

"It is clear from this outline of

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their recent behavior," the editors proclaimed, "that the 'liberals' are embarked upon nothing less than a policy of *appeasement of Russia*" (italics in original). "We are not surprised to find appeasement repeating itself, and the new instance already shows all the features familiar from the appeasement of Hitler. . . . A second feature of this new appeasement is the consistent attack upon the State Department. . . . But perhaps the grossest ingredient in this new dish of appeasement," the editorial continued, "is the constant 'liberal' shout of war. . . . If war is that inevitable, does it not become a man's duty to cry stinking fish and face up to the inevitability? Was war against Hitler avoided by appeasement? . . . After the disastrous record of a whole decade of appeasement of Hitler, surely it is the depth of folly and self-degradation to cast sheep's eyes at appeasement as the way out of war."

In their attack on the "liberals" in quotation marks as "Fifth Columnists," the editors were careful to add: "We do not mean by this that they are officially designated and paid by this foreign power. . . . Their services are probably altogether too spontaneous and 'pure.' But this does not mitigate their guilt for a campaign of concealment, misrepresentation, and deception in the interests of a foreign power. . . . We are long since familiar with the fact that the Communist Party is a Fifth Column. . . . The 'liberals' have become a more potent and dangerous Fifth Column since they succeed in deceiving a good many more people."

Now this indictment of official liberalism was made only twenty years ago by the editors of *Partisan Review*, a publication not noted then or now for its conservatism or its right-wing orientation. After its appearance, the editorial was damned and praised in subsequent issues. But the fondest encomium of all came from the venerable philosopher John Dewey who agreed with it entirely, adding, "It is a pleasure to have plain speaking beautifully phrased." Indeed the language was plain enough.

Some years later, Diana Trilling, an honorable member of the anti-Communist Left—she preferred the term "anti-Communist Liberals"—wrote on the Hiss case with a fair degree of cogency. In this article she stated the position of the *pro*-Communist liberals and why it could never be reconciled with the felt ideas of free men anywhere. "Their position," she wrote—that is, the position of the pro-Soviet liberals—"is supported by their fear of war. They hope to avert war with Russia by 'understanding.' They believe that to fear Russia is to place oneself squarely on the side of the warmongers. This was not their position on Hitler Germany. They did not substitute understanding Nazism for opposition to Nazism. . . . They may acknowledge that the Soviet Union has certain totalitarian features. What they refuse to see is that by definition totalitarianism is nothing if not a totality. . . . Either you can write and speak and work as you choose, or you cannot—and all such criteria as 'free for whom,' 'free for what,' are only rationalizations."

In those days, and for some years thereafter, it was still possible to find out what was really going on in the Soviet Union by reading the *New Leader*. The intellectuals of *Partisan Review* were still riveted to their common sense, even if the dreams of a democratic socialism—a contradiction in terms—kept receding farther into the horizon. The chances of a Stalinist apologist entering into the inner sanctum of Elliot Cohen's *Commentary* were about as remote as finding a hog at a *bar mitzvah*. It was then in 1953 that *Partisan Review* invited some two dozen intellectuals to participate in a symposium on "America and the Intellectuals." The stated theme was that "America has become the protector of Western civilization, at least in a military and economic sense." It went on to quote from Ortega y Gasset the statement that "the mass crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified, and select," which the editors did not quite agree with. Except for a few minor dissents from Irving Howe, Joseph Frank (who he?), and the redoubtable Norman Mailer, most of the contributors were of the opinion that America *was* promises and had turned the corner, away from Europe, towards its cultural *Zeitgeist*.

Some ten years later all this would change. By 1962, *Partisan Review*, addicted to symposia like a drunkard to cheap booze, again polled its coterie of intellectuals, only this time some new names cropped up, names that never before, or ever, were even remotely connected with anti-Communism. For instance there was H. Stuart Hughes, who confessed in the round-robin survey titled "The Cold War and the West" that ". . . we have no quarrel with Communism as an economic system." Perhaps he was here employing the royal prerogative of referring to himself in the plural—after all, he is a professor at Harvard. He went on to elaborate in the first person singular: "I have never been a strenuous anti-Communist; even in the period when I saw the rulers of the Soviet Union pursuing a particularly brutal policy." (Can you imagine what the editors would have called *him* in 1946?)

Mary McCarthy, a charter member of the old anti-Communist Left who had cut to ribbons the pretensions and cant of the phony Liberals of the Thirties and Forties and Fifties, found herself suddenly turning in circles when she argued for the privilege of being Red rather than dead, at the same time desperately heaping scorn on such old-fashioned virtues as freedom, liberty and Western civilization. Only under a Communist dictatorship could man's death really have meaning, she tried to persuade herself. "Alive, he could engage in political agitation, get arrested, go to Siberia; if he were shot eventually for his activities, his death at least would have some meaning." What

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Miss McCarthy in her own bizarre way implied was that all the millions whom Stalin purged and shot and whom the dictatorship is today incarcerating in lunatic asylums and labor camps were (and are) actually guilty of *doing* something to justify the dictatorship's brutalization of the men who confessed by torture to "activities" not even the most ardent disciples of Stalin's crude frame-ups ever really believed in. Somehow, it never once occurred to her to pose the question in terms of freedom—however relative or tentative she may regard such freedom under capitalism. Why *Red* or dead? Why not, if the ultimate question must be put, why not better Red, White and Blue ——than dead?

Even Bertrand Russell who, today, would try President Johnson as a war criminal for using napalm in the Vietnam jungles, called for America to use the A-bomb if necessary to save Europe *and* Western civilization from the ravages of Russian Communism. But that was in 1948, and besides the anti-Communist liberal is dead—or nearly so.

Dead? Red? Neither?

Norman Podhoretz, the new editor of the old *Commentary*, commented in his contribution to the symposium that while he was not for outright surrender to Red imperialism, still he did think the subject should be made *"thinkable"* (his word, my emphasis) as a possible alternative to nuclear war. Irving Howe complained wanly about having to participate yet again in a *Partisan Review* symposium and just refused to be drawn into the crux of the problem by declaring he had "no patience with those who cry, 'Better dead than Red' and those who cry, 'Better Red than dead.'" Also, and this is quite recent, he finds this whole business of good and evil rather "tiresome," although he would still maintain that "a distinction between democratic and totalitarian values remains a moral imperative." Why? If it is a "tiresome polarization," to use his words, how did the "moral imperative" creep in? But that, of course, is pure Howe.

Most of the other contributors to the symposium on the "Cold War and the West" took a "No surrender, but —" position. The only forthright response came from Sidney Hook, for thirty years the conscience of the anti-Communist Left. He summed up the issues confronting free men in the cold war as largely a problem of freedom—" . . . the freedom to say 'no' to tyranny, the freedom to be different —the same cluster of freedoms which the West defended against Hitler." His was the only voice that rang with the same passionate concern for human liberties as the old editorial on the Fifth Column liberals. Here was no middle-of-the-road evasion as represented by the new *non*-Communist leftist as distinguished from the old *anti*-Communists on the Left. "I am convinced," wrote Hook, "that there will be no nuclear war, if the free world is prepared to defend itself with nuclear weapons."

Now it is reasonable to inquire: What happened during the period from the early postwar years to the present that should have so disenchanted the old and vigorous anti-Communist Left with the continuing struggle against Red totalitarianism, and for human worth and dignity?

Three answers suggest themselves, and they all center on the year 1954. In that year the Geneva accords sundered Vietnam into an upper and lower moiety with the Communists in control of the North and the South recognized by the United States as sovereign until such time as the nation could be unified by free elections without fear of Red infiltration and terror. The other event of significance was the Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* which gave the old comrades a cause on the home front worth fighting for. The third factor was the emergence of Nikita Khrushchev as boss of the Communist hierarchy, and soon Dwight Macdonald, once a formidable antagonist of the totalitarian liberals, would discover the "Great Thaw," as he dubbed it. It must be said for Macdonald, however, that he was not so sanguine (then) as to believe that Khrushchev's warmth had ushered in the promise of a return to "the *status quo ante* of 1917" when "the modest degree of freedom achieved under Czar Nicholas II [was] swept away by the Bolsheviks in the name of the socialist liberation of humanity." But that was in 1956 when the last flicker of protest by the anti-Communist Left was snuffed out altogether by Khrushchev's hot tanks in the brave city of Budapest. After that the decline was rapid. (Perhaps the blunderbuss tactics of Senator McCarthy in the years immediately preceding 1954 contributed their share to the general disillusionment even though the genuine anti-Communist on the Left was never a target of the McCarthy investigations.)

A half-dozen years later Mr. Podhoretz would argue in his own journal for the need to revise all the old notions about totalitarianism. In a "utopian" vision, he saw the Soviet Union in 1963 just about ready to embrace the old Bill of Rights (In October 1966, it was reported that Russia had stiffened the penalties, already in existence when Mr. Podhoretz wrote his pro-anti-totalitarian message, for engaging in "protest demonstrations, strikes, subversive writings and slanders against the state." Which means that just about everything is prohibited that the dictatorship wants to prohibit.) I am sure Mr. Podhoretz is familiar with Miss Trilling's dictum that totalitarianism, like freedom is indivisible, but what is one to do with the will to self-deceit?

The Kennedy Years

In rapid succession, following the betrayal of the freedom fighters in Hungary, there came the aura of an intellectual-as-President when the Kennedys first entered the White House. Soon the old Left intellectuals were being invited to participate in grand designs for cultivating the fine arts as well as the lesser arts of gracious living as practiced by the lovely and youthful First Lady of the land. University doors were sprung open for those who had for so long mocked the "groves of Academe." And just as suddenly the editors of *Partisan Review* found themselves university dons, and their journal, for sheer pedantry and dullness, began to reflect their own moral decline and intellectual vacuity. Culture with a capital "c" was in. And with it, the former anti-Communist Left, the inmost of the in-groups, arrived, sought after in salons of high society and the saloons of the low. It was a time when the never-quite-house-broken Norman Mailer, a part-time member of the old anti-Communist Left, married into British nobility, got his name

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into the society columns, hobnobbed with prizefighters, committed small mayhem at home—and shouted for peace with a belligerence that belied his new-found pacifism. It was also a time when the old-line intellectuals discovered their alienation—from their class, their faith, their early commitments to the struggles against facism *and* Communism. The more money they earned, the more disconsolate they became. In a word, they had become *the* Establishment and they suffered the pangs of conscience and joy, the triumphs and the pains of those in power.

Then the young President was assassinated by a man of the Left. Outraged, they voted in the next general election, probably for the first time in their lives, the straight Democratic ticket. Dwight Macdonald, the old anarchist, even had himself billed as a regular Democrat with a capital "d."

All their recent and too-hastily-acquired honorariums, prizes, professorships, State Department-sponsored trips abroad, were threatened by a man who threatened—it was told them and they believed it, for they were all certified Intellectuals—to exterminate little children picking daisies with the dread fall-out from the even more dreadful H-bomb. So they voted in a solid phalanx for a Texas Democrat with a sly accent, something most of them had never before heard in real life, even when they were writing books and articles about William Faulkner. But this engagement to the new seat of power also proved to be short-lived, for soon the President of the United States did what other Presidents before him had done, that is, he honored a national commitment to come to the aid of a beleaguered little country, torn from within and without by Communist arms and terror, in far-off Southeast Asia.

Under LBJ

Frustrated at having voted for the wrong man, they used their newly acquired posts in the Academy to lead teach-ins, talk-ins, walk-ins, lie-ins, tie-ins, and stand-ins against war in general and the war in Vietnam in particular. Gone were the moral imperatives to come to the aid of small nations facing aggression. Gone was that sense of moral outrage against

those who hid behind pacifism their treachery and appeasement. Gone, too, was the fine contempt for those who hid their faith in totalitarianism behind a façade of catch-phrases designed to disarm the innocent. All the early warnings sounded so nobly a bare twenty years ago were quickly forgotten. And many of those who now signed petitions for peace—peace at *almost* any price and certainly peace at the *enemy's* price—were among those who had castigated the *New Republic* and the *Nation* and *PM* for just such acts of blind obedience to a foreign power and always against the stated position of their own country.

The *Nation* and the *New Republic* are still with us, not much altered from the days of the "Fifth Column" editorial. *PM* is gone, replaced perhaps by the *New York Review of Books*, a more literary variant of the same old sheet. Here, in the Sixties, could be found the kind of review which prompted Philip Rahv in 1946 to excoriate the *New Republic* for its ugly partisanship in assigning Victor Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom* to the Stalinoid furies of Frederick Schuman. In this new journal of the newest appeasement appeared the crude fulmination against Whittaker Chambers by Kwame Nkrumah's favorite chancellor, Conor Cruise O'Brien. Here, too, appeared some of the most brazen defenses of the notorious Ilya Ehrenburg, as well as Dwight Macdonald's incoherent tale of his poltroonish behavior as a guest at the White House.

Ten years after the Polish uprising, Saul Bellow would go to Warsaw to address a conference of writers and artists. In that bedeviled city where every word of freedom has to be carefully nurtured and struggled for, where every word from the West gets the most eager reception, Mr. Bellow, novelist and social critic of the Left and one-time foe of totalitarianism, spoke out bravely—against his own country in an attack on the President of the United States, to the dismay and consternation of his hosts. And as the tenth anniversary of the Hungarian revolution neared, Irving Howe would denounce the cruelties of the Indonesians, who had burst forth in anger against those who had oppressed them for too many years. Does Mr. Howe believe the Hungarian masses would have done less had they been able in 1956 to get hold of arms instead of pious resolutions? But he, too, now hides behind the "threat of war" as excuse for his abandonment of the struggle against total repression. The days when the anti-Communist Left could challenge the anti-warmongers to face up to the issues and cry stinking fish had long since passed.

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The other cause that tortured the former anti-Communist Left was the problem of civil rights and integration. The gratuitous insult to the colored people of America implied in the Supreme Court decision of 1954 was slow in coming to the surface. In effect the Court had ruled that only Negroes, of all minority groups in the land—visible and invisible—could not get to be educated fairly if classrooms were made up entirely of Negro children and if schools were run by all-Negro faculties. No wonder Negro leadership when it casts its criticism at the white community of late lashes out particularly at the "Northern white Liberals" who prattled the ideology of that decision as the true and sworn gospel of the true liberal faith. Nor should it come as too much of a shock that Harlem Negroes feel the delayed reaction to the Supreme Court decision a dozen years later by demanding as their right all the Court ruled against as representing inferior education *per se*, namely, an all-Negro school, all-Negro faculty, and all-Negro pupils.

Antis into Pros

With the single and singular exception of Hannah Arendt, I know of no other liberal who so much as questioned the wisdom of the Court decision. In the Negro's struggle for self-respect and self-fulfillment which he sometimes calls "black power" and which doesn't seem to frighten genuine conservatives at all, lies the greatest frustration for the old anti-Communist Left. It puts into their hearts the fear of the God they don't believe in. That, and the war in Vietnam. But the worst is still to come. Having only recently abandoned their early and genuine anti-Communism, they are courting an intellectual Dien Bien Phu by taking up with the sycophants of the old and new pro-Communist Left.

Not so long ago they joined with Arthur Miller—not one of their old comrades, be it said—at the International PEN Club meeting in New York in helping to "table" a modestly worded resolution protesting the continuing anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. A year earlier they met in Tito's Yugoslavia, at a time when Djilas was in jail and all literary opposition to the dictatorship was severely circumscribed, and declared they would not invite delegates from Spain and Portugal because those countries did not enjoy freedom of the press. This, from Yugoslavia, probably made old Comrade Tito's heart race with joy. This year they again barred the delegates from Spain and Portugal but sent flattering invitations to Free Russia. (The hand-picked delegation refused to participate in the charade.) A pious statement of protest was read to the assembled delegates and reporters imploring the Russians to please be lenient with the Soviet writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, imprisoned for exercising their non-right to criticize and publish material the dictatorship didn't want them to write or to publish. But the assembled delegates had not a word to say for seventeen-year-old Yulia Vishenskaya, confined to a lunatic asylum for belonging to a writers' group frowned on by the state; nor for the plight of Josif Brodsky, serving at hard labor for writing lyric poetry, an act of "parasitism" in the eyes of the Red dictators.

In collaboration with the commissars of culture, the new non-Communist Left went out of its way to honor the Communist poet Pablo Neruda of Chile; at the same time it did everything possible to humiliate the Soviet refugee writer Valery Tarsis, who knew about "freedom" in Russia, having spent years in the lunatic asylums of the dictatorship. If one word could summarize the proceedings of the conference, it was Appeasement. Appeasement of Left totalitarianism and the dirty finger of accusation pointed at Spain and Portugal. Twenty years ago, the anti-Communist Left knew how to react to this false equation. What is different now is that the old anti-Communist "Liberals" have joined the new non-Communist and pro-Communist and old Fifth Columnist Liberals in a swamp of stinking fish that smells to high heaven.

Yet it would be false to draw the conclusion that the old leftist fighters for freedom and against totalitarianism have become a new Fifth Column. Rather, it would be more accurate to describe them as the neo-Clivedenites of modern liberalism. It will be recalled that the Cliveden Set found life so rich and worthwhile as an end in itself, it was prepared for an accommodation with Brown Shirt Hitlerism—for the sake of peace. In a way it anticipated the newer liberalism—raising its own version of Better Red than Dead—by affirming that it was Better to be Brown than Drown—in the English Channel, one presumes.

The face of the enemy of twenty years ago is very much the face of the enemy today. Even the emaciated bodies of the living skeletons liberated by allied forces in Vietnam look—for all the horror of it—like those found in the Nazi prison camps at the climax of the last great war. But compassion is a one-sided affair these days. No signed petitions or words from Quaker or liberals, pacifists or appeasers have yet appeared to protest the atrocities committed by the Vietcong against civilians and military prisoners of war. But this may be due to a bit of "idealistic" shortsightedness.

The Idealist's Odyssey

Writing in 1951, Diana Trilling observed that "the idealist finds virtue only where he is not—in the nation which is not his nation, in the class which is not his class, in the races and religions which are not his race or religion." His own he disowns for the other, even if the "other" will, in the end, mean the end of his beginnings. This soul sickness of the Idealist-Intellectual is in essence the soul sickness of the liberal. In the article just quoted Mrs. Trilling called for the authentic liberal intellectual (both lower case) to seek "a new respect for self, and of everything that pertains to the self, lest we expire in our own extinction." This neatly anticipates the liberal's death-wish theory Malcolm Muggeridge has recently uncovered in these pages (June 14, 1966).

Why the liberal should want to become extinct, why he should seek his identity elsewhere, outside his own land and faith and people—why he should want to die may be because of a death-crisis induced by a hypnotic fear of death from fall-out, from noxious chemicals and from war. But that is really a problem for depth-psychology, and others more expert than I should look into it before it is really too late to save his soul.

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Death of a Teacher

Frank Chodorov, RIP

(The eulogy delivered at Mr. Chodorov's funeral by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.)

Most of you know, some of you better than I, the biography. He was born in New York, poor, the son of Russian immigrants, and he lived in the lower West Side, even as it was slowly becoming fashionable. "They painted the fronts white and the shutters green," he wrote fifty years later, "and invested the section with profitable romance by reviving its ancient name of Greenwich Village."

He finished high school and enrolled at Columbia University where, during his first year, his principal interest was football, and he made the varsity squad. He graduated, and married, and went out to make his way in commerce, "having," as he wrote, "given up as hopeless for a Jew the ambition of becoming a professor of English." He worked, and made a modest living, for himself, his wife, and his two children. And then, in the Thirties, his two children grown, he turned one day to his wife, and asked her permission to leave his life, and the little security it had given him, in order to teach. Up until then, like Paul Gauguin, he had mostly seen; and now, like Gauguin, he wanted to express himself. Her consent, to that as to every request he ever made, was instantly given. And he began the career, quietly, studiously, passionately, which made him friends among so many people who never laid eyes on him.

During all the years he had worked as a salesman and in advertising he had continued to read, and early in his post-graduate career he had fastened on Henry George as the object of his primary fascination. At first he was drawn to George because of the literary style. "Here," he once recalled, "was something of the cameo clarity of Matthew Arnold, a little of the parallel structure of Macaulay, the periods of Edmund Burke. I know I was more interested in how this man Henry George—some fellow who, I had heard, had run for mayor of New York—said it than in what he had to say. Probably a nineteenth-century essayist, I surmised, whom I had missed and the deficiency had to be made up. I borrowed [*Progress and Poverty*] for a week or two."

Now, having for many years cultivated what he grew to believe was the unique social vision of George, he became the director of the Henry George School. But in due course there was a falling out, and he resigned. One cannot truly understand Henry George, he once remarked, without understanding his antipathy to socialism. But George's most modern exegetes, he feared, were disposed to traduce George, to put his social philosophy at the service of the state. And it was the centralized state that Frank Chodorov was born, and lived, to oppose.

He had a go at journalism. During those years he had met Albert Jay Nock. Once again, in his admiration for Nock, he could unite his passion for prose and for a philosopher of the individual. Nock, the stunning bellet-

"The purpose of teaching individualism is not to make individualists but to find them."

rist, the author of *Our Enemy the State,* the founder of the renowned journal the *Freeman.* The two of them had a go—unsuccessful—at reviving the ancient *Freeman.* He turned then to individual journalism, rented a dingy little office downtown near where he grew up and founded a personal monthly four-page journal which he called "*analysis.*" I met him there, where he wrote, edited, copyread, published, distributed, and merchandised the little journal which got under the skin of those, comparatively few, who recognized that all, or seemingly all, of America, in a fit of opportunism, had lost hold of the ancient moorings. *Analysis* was, for those who saw it, the testimony of a single man against the spirit of an age which had become infatuated with the possibilities of the central solution for the problems of society. In *analysis* the old fires burned, or rather were kept flickering. "Lenin," John Chamberlain wrote in 1952, "said it long ago: to make collectivism stick in a land that has known the blessings of individualism, you must catch a whole generation in the cradle and forcibly deprive it of tutors who have learned the bourgeois alphabet at their mothers' knees. In a land of republican law this is impossible; no matter how clever or omnipresent the collectivist propaganda may be, a few culture-carriers of the old tradition will escape. They may be reduced to publishing broadsheets like *analysis* instead of books; they may be compelled to conduct their straggling classes in dingy rooms in old brownstone fronts. Certainly they will have a hard time getting posts on a university faculty. But they will be still hanging around—and still talking—when the tinsel begins to wear off the latest Five Year Plan or government-sponsored Greenbelt colonization scheme. Their books and pamphlets, ready for the chance encounter that sparks all revolutions or 'reactions,' will fan the revival of the old tradition that periodically displaces the callow presumptions of the 'new.'"

The sparks were struck. He accepted a post with *Human Events,* which in those days was four pages of sparkling news commentary by Frank Hanighen and four pages of philosophy by him; alternating with Bertrand de Jouvenel, William Henry Chamberlin and, on the fourth week, with a guest. From there he went once again to the resurrected *Freeman,* which he served as editor, in association with Leonard Read. He left it to free lance, joining the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, and then the tragedies, in rapid succession, struck.

His wife died, shortly after they

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celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. He was inconsolable; lost; a mild rebuke, this individual powerlessness some would say, to the spirit of total individualism—some, but only those who misunderstand the nature of the individualism he believed in, which called for aloofness from remote and synthetic and involuntary associations, but which flowered in the giving of oneself to one's family, and friends, and philosophical soul-mates. He went to Europe, for the first time, and was able to report exultantly on the collapse of rigid Marxism in Germany, the end of that demonic ideology that had elevated to religious faith the necessity to subordinate the individual. He returned to New York happy to conclude that dogmatic socialism was on the wane; but pessimistic, in his gentle yet obdurate way, that the forms would outlive the substance, and that the inertia of statism would continue to erode the individual and the free society. And he kept on preaching.

And then, at the Freedom School in Colorado, he was struck down. His daughter Grace went to him, and he was barely able, after the stroke, to talk. But he did, in near-delirium, mention that his faith in Henry George was whole, that George above all others understood. She brought him back to New York, and he recovered his powers of speech. But he could not write again; and, as he grew worse, he could not read, and not to write, not to read, were consignments to an insanity from which he was saved only by his devotion to Grace and her husband Herbert, and to his grandchildren Lisa, and Erik, and Francine. After a while he needed professional nursing care, and the first summer he stayed in the country, near to Grace. I saw him there, and, puffing his fugitive pipe, he leaned over to me and said grumpily: "You know what this place is? It's a die-in." His eyes twinkled; but he was not greatly amused—without his typewriter, his books, without even, for long hours of the day, his family. But he was resigned. He had been resigned ever since Celia died.

That fall he returned to New York, to the Mary Manning Walsh home, run by Catholic sisters, and there nursed first by Sister Fidelis, then—when she was transferred to Boston on the grounds that her miraculous attentions could not be monopolized by a single city—by Sister Bernadette Mary, who gave him attention, and love. And always Grace, and Herbert, and the children. And the forbidden cigarette-lighters, sneaked in to him like hack-saw blades to men in a death house, and the wicked gleam of appreciation at this final defiance of authority. Individualism to the end. And finally, last Wednesday, a crisis, and a merciful death.

After I met him at *analysis,* we were frequently together. He came to Yale to speak while I was still an undergraduate. His manner was diffident, slightly didactic, firm, gentle—always gentle. Dr. Opitz reviewed one of his books and remarked that an extraordinary feature of it was that he united a polemical passion with an apparent incapacity to utter any meanness towards anyone, dead or alive. He spoke from a heart full of belief, enlightened by a mind keen and observant and understanding. He spoke thus, in style resolutely undemagogic, on every occasion. He thought it somehow profane, by the force of oratory, to seduce any listener towards positions with which he wasn't, somehow, organically oriented. "The purpose of teaching individualism," he wrote, "is not to *make* individualists but to *find* them. Rather, to help them find *themselves.* If a student takes readily to such values as the primacy of the individual, the free market place, or the immorality of taxation, he is an individualist; if he swallows hard, he must be counted a recruit for the other side." There are those, he was saying—and he took his thought from the Book of Job, and later from the immortal essay of Albert Jay Nock on The Remnant—who are latently capable of understanding. Those who aren't, well they aren't; but do what you can for those who are.

Whether a point of view about the political redeemability of the non-Remnant so morose is realistic doesn't much seem to matter, somehow. It is quite enough for any man to do to stir the sentiments and thought of those who are predisposed to listen. And so at a relatively late age he swung into high gear. Among the enterprises he started was, in 1952, the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, whose goal it is to undo the damage done a half century ago by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. I was the ISI's first president, but I was purely a figurehead, as I was soon reminded. In short order I had a letter from him, "Am removing you as president. Making myself pres. Easier to raise money if a Jew is president. You can be V-P. Love. Frank."

And then he started to write his books, his wonderful books of essays; innocent—and that was their strength—of the entangling complexities of modern life. It simply didn't matter that there had been an Industrial Revolution, that economists had made finicky examinations of the business cycle, that *E* had been discovered to be equal to *mc* squared. Because he dealt in personal and social truisms in his books; and he did not ever entertain the question that a world, whatever its conceits and effronteries, would conceivably presume to justify the subordination of the individual.

During the years immediately after he left Columbia, he was greatly infatuated with atheism. On reading, and re-reading, Henry George, he abandoned his faith in non-faith, though he never joined a religion; indeed, he ordained that no service said over his grave should be religious. He came to believe in "transcendence". a confession he wrote into an essay which he entitled—and the elision is his, not his editor's or his publisher's: "How a Jew Came to God." Many people, he penetrated, are unwitting believers. "Even the ultra-materialistic socialists," he wrote, "in their doctrine of historical inevitability, are guilty of transcendentalism. Admittedly, I reasoned, this is a flight of the finite mind from its own limitations; it is a search for security in an invariable; it is mining for bedrock in the infinite." As for him, he could only bring himself to say that religion, the kind of religion he believed in, is a "faith in the possibility of an explanatory pattern of constancies." John Chamberlain called him a mystic—"but only," said Chamberlain, "in the sense that all men of insight are mystics. His mystical assumption is that men are born as individuals possessing inalienable rights."

"These rights of man," his daughter Grace wrote me yesterday, "stem

(Continued on p. 105)

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Boom in the Caribbean

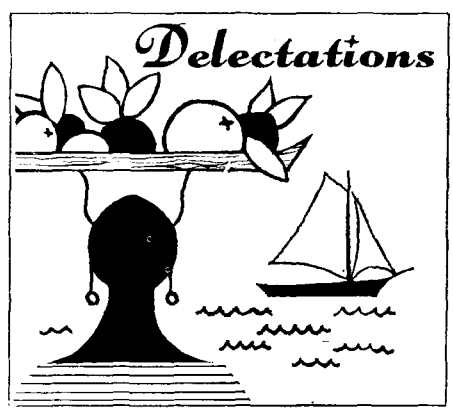
ALEC WAUGH

Last September as I watched, morning after morning, on the "Today Show," the spearhead of Hurricane Inez cutting its swath through the Caribbean, circling this island, missing that, doubling back upon its tracks, I thought of that sister hurricane which for twenty years has been sweeping the same area, leveling villages, uprooting trees, changing the appearance of a dozen islands—the hurricane of the tourist boom.

In Guadalupe today, the tourist will peer through the window of his aircraft to see what is left of Pointe-à-Pitre; in just that way for a long while now the regular visitor who chooses every year a different group of islands has asked himself what is left of the place he left four years ago. Will the view from the bungalow he rented be obstructed by a luxury hotel? Will the bay where he bathed have been requisitioned by an aquatic club? Has a main road been cut through the orange grove where he used to picnic? In this jet age of the packaged trip, when travel costs less and everyone earns more, it is inevitable that the attractions of sea and sand, of sun and shade should prove irresistible to the frost-bound Northerner. The growth of the aircraft industry has coincided with a craze for snorkeling, water-skiing, sailing, deep-sea diving; photography has played its part. The Caribbean is at its best when the North is at its worst. It is not surprising that clipper after clipper should glide out of Kennedy Airport, to disgorge its hourly cargo on this or the other "folder's paradise."

Every island is seeking to balance its budget with the tourist trade. Syndicate after syndicate is seeking new sites for a hotel, new fields for airstrips, new anchorage for yachtsmen. The quest for beaches has become the slogan, and the circling hurricane strikes here, then there. Jamaica was hit the first and hardest. In 1929 I stayed at its best hotel in Montego Bay—it was not very good—for $5 a day. I can only afford to stay there now, when I am a guest. The next to be submerged were Antigua and Barbados—along with the two American Virgins, St. Thomas and St. Croix—the latter for obvious reasons: they are the nearest to the U.S.A. and it is easy for Americans to settle and own property there. Barbados has a dry climate—as good as Arizona for the bronchial; also superb beaches. Antigua, which is less dry, but whose beaches also are superb, was astute enough to make it simple for Americans to own property at the Milreef Club.

Soon the smaller islands were engulfed. St. John today, though many of its beauties have been permanently preserved as a national park, offers



unmatched facilities at Caneel Bay. Grenada, "the spice island," so called because of its nutmegs, was an early and an obvious capture. Its ring of beaches is backed by majestic mountains. Its capital, St. George's—although the island was the victim of wars and revolutions in the Napoleonic period—is one of the very few that has preserved an eighteenth-century look. The red-brown bricks and the red tiles of its original French masons still stand along the harbor. A few years ago Darryl Zanuck was wondering where to film a West Indian novel that was enjoying the bright, brief summer of best-sellerdom. He sent down his cameramen to case the joint. When he saw the stills of St. George's, he exclaimed, "This is the place!"

A few years ago Sir Anthony Eden (now Lord Avon), in desperate need of peace of mind, sought shelter in Bequia, the northernmost of the Grenadines, which is serviced by an uncomfortable motor launch from its parent island, St. Vincent—which has always lain drowsy and charming outside the mainstream of West Indian traffic. Through most of the eighteenth century, St. Vincent was a Carib stronghold and it developed late. For many years it had no airstrip and visitors had to rely on capricious sailings and a temperamental hydroplane. Even now, though it is on the BWIA run, the airport is unsatisfactory and has to be sidestepped in bad weather. But it is a lovely island; inevitably the hurricane has paused there. Not only does it now own several first-class hotels, but is serving as a base for Bequia, where a large hotel is being built so close to Lord Avon's house that he is reported to be about to leave.

Where will the circling hurricane strike next? For me, a constant visitor to the islands, it is a question of perpetual fascination. Many speak hopefully of St. Martin, that historically eccentric island whose ownership was long disputed between the French and Dutch, until the rival settlers decided each to send a representative walking round the island in opposite directions. The point at which they met should mark the frontier. Many treaties have been unilaterally revoked over the last century and a half, but that one has been sustained. I have been there twice, once a couple of years ago. My first visit was in 1951. I stayed on the French side in the hope that I would get French cooking. The hotel was scruffy. The menu was written out in French but that was the only thing about the meal that was French, except the price. Things had improved since then, I was assured. There was a real French restaurant now operated by two young Frenchmen. Again I stayed on the French side. The small hotel was impersonally clean. I drove through the Dutch half. I saw no signs of Holland. The French restaurant was good but I was the only person dining there. The streets were silent. My fifteen hours passed on leaden feet. But in ten years, if the boom continues, there may be concrete palaces along its unappetizing waterfront.

Is there a single island that the hurricane will miss? Yes, there is one,

(Continued on p. 105)

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SIR ARNOLD LUNN

An English Catholic Tours the U.S.

'What Happened to the Concern to Christianize? . . .'

"Your talk," said an amusing Jesuit who had honored me by his presence during my address to the Catholic University at which he taught, "was full of dirty words like 'proof,' 'apologetics,' 'rational,' and above all 'conversion.' The in crowd in the Church today doesn't use those words, particularly not 'conversion.' We talk about 'encounter' and 'dialogue'."

In the first fortnight of my eighteenth lecture tour in the United States, my great friend, whom I will call Arthur, a Catholic who is head of the history department of an important secular university, confessed to me that he found it particularly tiresome to keep up with the everchanging jargon of young churchmen. I can sympathize, for there is one word which I hope never to read again when I have left America: "meaningful." (I greatly enjoyed an urbane yet devastating analysis of the popularity of another vogue word, "relevance," which Sister Mary Emil, President of Marygrove College, contributed to the college magazine, *Campus Reporter*.)

Another dirty word would seem to be "authority." "When I was a novice," my Jesuit friend continued, "I took the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The modern novice takes vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Discussion." He added that many a newly ordained priest is quite hurt if he is not encouraged to call his pastor by his first name.

"America," said my friend Arthur, "is becoming a Juvenocracy. The parents have abdicated." It is, of course, not only in America that the fear of the young seems to be increasing. *Paidophobia*, my own contribution to modern jargon, is by no means unknown in my own country, but the revolt against authority is perhaps more pronounced in the States than elsewhere. An American Protestant friend of mine believes that this is mainly the result of politicians proclaiming "the Century of the Common Man." The Common Man has to submit, often reluctantly, to authority; and the adulation of the Common Man naturally leads to a revolt against authority. But the true cause, I am sure, lies deeper.

The ultimate source of all authority is God, and the explicit or even implicit rejection of all belief in God inevitably leads to a weakening of human authority. If the supernatural be a myth, not only all our actions but all our thoughts are the inescapable consequence of the movement of atoms in our brain, and there is then no rational justification for the belief either in free will or free reason, and human authority is thus deprived of all rational claims on our respect.

Atheism Is Rare

Explicit atheism is rare, for it is unfashionable for atheists to describe themselves as such. Even those who reject the supernatural prefer to be called humanists. It is indeed only a small minority in my country, even in America, who would admit to being atheists. Even the "death of God" theologians would indignantly deny that they are atheists. But many of those who will tell you that they believe in God do not believe that God is a Person with whom one establishes a relation through prayer, and it is probable that the proportion of genuine theists among those who claim to believe in God is no greater than the proportion of genuine Christians among those who claim the Christian name. Again, the available evidence suggests that the proportion of those on whose lives the belief in God has a real influence is declining, and that the secularism which ignores rather than explicitly denies God is rapidly advancing and is indeed the most influential philosophy in our two countries. After the war, America and Great Britain acquiesced with singularly little protest from Christians in handing over five free countries to Soviet Russia, a country still committed to the elimination of Christianity from all countries which Russia controls. If Christianity had been a dynamic force in our countries, such a betrayal of all the ideals for which we professed to be fighting would have been impossible.

No one Church is strong enough to offer effective resistance to the increasing secularization of America and England, and there are those who believe that the Catholic Church should be taking the lead in creating a *militant* ecumenical movement, an alliance of all genuine Christians to reconvert their secularized neighbors. Unfortunately, ecumenism in America, as in my country, is defeatist rather than militant, an excuse for inactivity rather than an incitement to action. In my country, Catholics have even been writing to the Converts Aid Society asking whether it is still necessary to contribute.

In both countries the ecumenical movement has coincided with a tremendous drop in converts. A prominent Catholic president told me of a diocese which used to have more than a hundred converts a year—most of them from those who practiced no religion—and in the last two years has had none. Father Leo J. Trese in his book *Everyman's Road to Heaven*, after remarking sadly that it takes 93 adult Catholics to make one convert, adds that "we have a duty to bring to Christ that man or woman with whom we live or work." On reading this I hastily turned to the title page to discover when the book was written. In 1961. That explained a lot. None of the so-called liberal Catholics would still defend such old-fashioned sentiments. But Father Trese is on the faculty of Notre Dame,

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which has a tradition in these matters. Before the war, G. K. Chesterton spent a year at Notre Dame, and had a great influence in creating a tradition of effective and militant advocacy of Faith. (There are few compliments of which I am more proud than that of being invited to train specialists in "apologetics" for three consecutive Michaelmas semesters at Notre Dame.)

But in my country and in America many Catholics insist that the best propaganda for Catholicism is to be associated with far-reaching schemes for social reform. Catholics are no exception to the universal rule that most men are naturally conformist. The desire to be "with it" is inevitable and not necessarily undesirable, for if all men were dissenters the result would be nihilism. In the France of Louis XIV most Catholics were uncritical monarchists, and most Catholics are still uncritical monarchists. King Demos can still command the same unquestioning loyalty as did the Catholic kings in predemocratic Europe.

The main reason for the decline of all the Christian Churches is perhaps the reason suggested in a widely read article, "Have Christians lost their Nerve?", in *Herder Correspondence*, which is published simultaneously in Germany, London and New York. It is the unorthodox who make the headlines in the secular press, the ecclesiastics who defend sexual relations outside marriage or who cast doubts on basic Christian beliefs. We have not reached the point where "Bishop Maintains that Adultery is a Sin" will be headline news. It was not until I had collaborated with my Anglican friend, Garth Lean, in two books, *The New Morality* and *The Cult of Softness*, that I realized how strong was the support in my country for the traditional Christian beliefs and the traditional Christian code. We quoted in the second of these books a number of debates at universities where the traditional view carried the day.

American Catholics are as divided as the British. The traditionalists are unhappy but are still hoping, and I am convinced are not hoping in vain, for a return to orthodoxy and a religious revival. It is four years since my last lecture tour in the United States, but I was not unprepared for the change. An eminent Catholic on a visit to London assured me that in radical change American Catholicism ranked second only to Dutch Catholicism, and there certainly is a marked change in the attitude of Catholic students of both sexes. No lecturer could want a more alert or interesting audience. I particularly enjoyed meeting students informally for discussions after my talks. I paid them the compliment of treating them as my contemporaries and being candid when I thought they were talking rubbish. They seemed to welcome the chance to be equally candid when they thought I was talking rubbish, and one of the pleasantest features of these discussions was their friendliness when the time came to leave them.

Duty to Proselytize

No doubt those who agreed with me did not ask questions because they were mainly interested in hearing how I coped with the criticisms of Catholicism, but those who did were, almost without exception, infected by the fashionable philosophy of modern America and faintly shocked by my suggestion that it is the duty of the Christian, Catholic or Protestant, to change the outlook of secularists. Marx said, "Philosophers have attempted to interpret the world; it is our duty to change it," and what unites Marxists, in spite of differences of race, of language and even of class, is that none of them challenge this principle and the majority of Marxists in the free world are really acting on it. They *do* believe in converting Christians to Marxism, whereas we rationalize our laziness and our social cowardice by such formulae as "Nobody is ever converted by argument but only by good example."

Here are some of the comments: "If I meet an atheist, I don't start arguing about the Resurrection. I try to find some point on which we agree, some contribution which we can both make to social welfare." It was by somewhat different methods that the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity.

An indignant young man took the floor. "You talk," he complained, "in terms of war, as if our job was to form a fighting alliance of all Christians to fight the secularists." A just criticism (for I belong to the Church Militant, not the Church Appeaser).

My only support came from a Jewish student. "I've been here two years," he said, "and none of the Catholics have made any effort to convince me that there is a real case for their religion." He also intervened effectively when another Catholic student asked me if I could explain why the Communists had been so much more effective in opposing fascists and Nazis than the Christians. "It was not the fascist system which they objected to," said the young, and wise, Jewish student, "but the fact that they wanted to seize control of those countries — just a quarrel between rival gangsters."

The question itself was characteristic of this miserable Catholic defeatism which I am told is increasing in Catholic colleges. There is apparently less evidence of a real pride in the Church than of a readiness among Catholic students to accept uncritically anything which can be said against the Church, and of the failure of Catholic education to instruct pupils in America and in England in the record of the Church in social reform. That particular boy, for instance, might at least have taken into account the fact that it was the countries which are still at least nominally Christian who were fighting Hitler when Russia signed a pact with Nazi Germany. It is a sad reflection on Catholic education that a Catholic college student should know nothing about the Church's opposition to Nazism in Germany, or that Catholics in general should be so ill-instructed in the contribution of Christianity to social progress.

It is true, I admit, that the Church has not been eager to identify herself with political *parties* pressing for reform. Her exacting demands are addressed to the *individual*. It is far easier to have all the fun of campaigning for a political party than to give a large proportion of one's own income to charity, and nothing could be more exacting than Christian demands in this respect. Of course the Church has not been outstandingly successful in persuading her members to take Christ's teaching on the dangers of wealth very seriously, but it is no less true that the Church has had considerable difficulty in imposing her exacting code of sexual chastity

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on her children. What proportion of Catholics in general, and of Catholic men in particular, have never had sexual relations outside marriage? Yet there is no organized campaign to attack the Church for not taking chastity seriously. The Church is always being attacked for the failure of Catholics to practice what the Church preaches.

Catholic defeatism is not of course a peculiarity of American Catholicism. The reaction to *The New Morality* provided evidence of that loss of nerve among Christians which was the theme of the *Herder* article. Our main target was not the increase of sexual immorality among the young but the increase of intellectual immorality among their elders. When I rejected Christianity in my youth I could see no reason for accepting the restrictions of the Christian sexual code, but then, as now, I was unimpressed by the kind of cleric who has not the intellectual integrity to seek a new profession when he has lost faith in basic Christian doctrines.

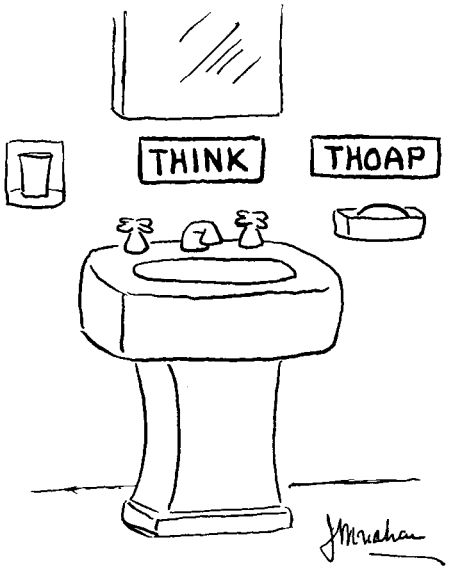
In America a nun objected to a passing reference of mine to a book by the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, a book which had been severely attacked by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the ground that its object was "to tell the public that the concept of a personal God, as held both in popular Christianity and in orthodox doctrine, is outmoded." "After all," said the nun, "the book is a serious book by a serious thinker." Much the same comment could be, and indeed often was, made about many of the more notorious attacks on Christianity.

I am depressed by the fact that the Church's prestige, at least in my country and in America, is much less than when I left agnosticism to become a Catholic in 1933. A friend of mine wrote from Africa describing a meeting addressed by a well-known priest. "He was full of the vernacular and the wonderful modern trends, etc. A Protestant got up and said, 'Your Church used to irritate us a bit, but we always felt it was something we could look up to, one organization which did not bend with the prevailing winds. Now we are no longer sure of you.' "

That brilliant journalist Malcolm Muggeridge writes: "Throughout the years the Roman Catholic Church has maintained its own position, refusing to be stampeded by the claims and pretensions of an increasingly materialistic world. . . . If it is now crumbling, then the game is finally up. . . . A light will have gone out which has illuminated all our lives, shone through the art and literature of a long civilization, and served to hold at bay, if only fitfully and inadequately, the wild appetites to gorge and dominate which afflict all our lives."

An American Catholic bishop remarked to me in Rome during the Vatican Council that Catholics were no longer unpopular in America "because they have discovered that we are innocuous." The Spanish Civil War was, in fact, the last occasion on which Catholics were prominently associated with an unpopular cause.

The "cult of conformity" is a more demoralizing form of snobbery than mere social snobbery, for the pernicious consequences are often the result of that servile acquiescence in intellectual fashions which is the essence of intellectual snobbery. I was saddened to discover how many of my non-Catholic friends attribute Catholic ecumenism, much of which is inspired by the desire for effective cooperation with Protestants, to snobbish motives, to the desire, for instance, as one of them expressed it, "to bridge the gap between the American Catholics and what we call the Wasp, the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant." Another friend of mine, who



was deeply interested in Catholicism, attributed the ecumenical movement among Catholic intellectuals to the desire to narrow the gap between them and the Intellectual Establishment, dominated by Harvard and Yale. "Nobody who had taught at a Catholic university," he added, "would have any chance of being appointed to Harvard or Yale." I wonder if this is true, for I cannot believe that my case was wholly exceptional. I was appointed Lowell Lecturer at Harvard *after* teaching Catholic apologetics at Notre Dame.

My own view is that not only Protestants but secularists have more respect for a Catholic who does not compromise on essentials than for Catholic appeasers. It is possible to defend one's own position without being offensive about other genuine Christians. After I became a Catholic I was asked to preach in an Anglican church. "You have never," my sponsor remarked, "written anything offensive about Anglicans since you joined the Roman Catholics."

No Catholic whom I met since landing in the States was happy about the present position of the Church. There has been a marked decline in converts and in vocations to the priesthood, and a sharp increase in the number of priests who leave the priesthood. The secretary to a bishop told me that in his diocese they had been losing a priest a week for over a year. Congregations are also declining. I was asked by an American priest whether priests were leaving the Church in such numbers in England. Not yet, but we Catholics in England have almost as much reason as American Catholics to feel worried.

The colleges, a generic term which I shall use to include not only Catholic schools such as Downside and Stonyhurst in England but also Catholic universities such as Notre Dame, and indeed any Protestant school or university which attaches great importance to Christianity as an essential element in education, could make a notable contribution to a real revival of Christianity.

On my appointment to teach apologetics at Notre Dame, I set my pupils, all of whom had been educated at Catholic schools, a short paper in which they were asked, among other questions, how they would defend the

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Resurrection in an argument with an atheist. All the answers with one exception were lamentable. When I congratulated the only student who had mastered the case for the Resurrection, he replied, "There was an Englishman on the faculty last year, Mr. Christopher Hollis, and he made the Resurrection sound really interesting."

I often wonder why atheists fail to exploit a plausible objection to Christianity. "If you Christians," the atheists might well argue, "really believed that the Resurrection was the most important event in all history, and the New Testament therefore the most important of all books, you would ensure that no pupil left a Christian school without an adequate knowledge of the arguments for the Resurrection and for the authenticity of the Gospels, but in point of fact what you call 'apologetics' is usually the worst-taught subject in your schools."

I rejected Christianity while I was still at Harrow, and one of the major influences in my return to Christianity was that, having written novels, I could not account for the fact that, on the assumption that the Gospels were mainly fictitious, the Evangelists had created a character far more alive than any character in the works of the greatest of novelists, but had none the less made the most elementary mistakes which the most amateur of novelists never make. The Gospels don't read like the works of accomplished writers of fiction, but rather of men who wrote with difficulty but who were determined to record as accurately as possible what Jesus said and did. When I taught at Notre Dame I used to contrast passages from St. Matthew with passages from the pseudo-Matthew whose "gospel" we know to be fictitious. The contrast is fantastic, but how many alumni of Catholic colleges have ever even heard of the pseudo-Matthew?

Even if nothing more than a mystery story, the problem of the Empty Tomb is one of the fascinating problems in history. One does not need a special talent to "make it sound really interesting."

The basic weakness of our attitude is suggested in the word "apologetics." We are indeed too apologetic, too intimidated by secular fashions in thought. How few graduates of Catholic universities acquire an attitude of general contempt for the dominant philosophy in the modern world, Scientism, a creed whose basic dogma is the belief that science has rendered it impossible to believe in the supernatural in general or in miracles in particular? If the supernatural be rejected, materialism is inescapable, and our beliefs are determined not by reason but by the movement of atoms. But how many of the alumni of our Catholic colleges can round on a materialist after he has denounced, say, Torquemada, and convict him of having no rational basis for his denunciation? At the end of a talk I gave to an Oxford undergraduate club shortly after the end of the Second World War, a brilliant scholar who had escaped Hitler's Germany and just graduated, made some comments. He was an enthusiastic reader of Professor A. J. Ayer, who had argued in *Language, Truth and Logic* that there are only two types of statement which give meaning—analytical propositions such as 2 x 3= 6, and propositions which can be verified by science. He made it clear that he was surprised to find that I could still entertain the old-fashioned notion that moral judgment could possibly have a rational basis. "In that case," I said, "the moral judgment which condemned Hitler's brutal anti-Semitism was irrational." My Jewish critic seemed nonplused by this obvious comment, and yet he had lived for years among undergraduates many of whom were practicing Christians, but none of whom had taken the trouble to expose the basic weakness of his philosophy. It is, you see, bad form to argue about Christianity with an unbeliever.

Arrest Secular Advance

I was impressed by a complaint made after one of my lectures by a young seminarian. "We have all this Catholic apologetics," he said, "rammed down our throats by teachers who show no awareness of any possible objections. We are expected to take it all on trust. No real discussion." A valid criticism. After one of my lectures at a Catholic university I met the students informally the next day, and was kept for more than an hour answering critical objections to Catholic beliefs and practices. A priest later told me that he had tried to persuade the Dean to slip into the hall unobtrusively. "What our boys want," he told the Dean, "is more discussion."

And not only discussion with Catholics. You cannot learn to box from a book or become a competent defender of Christianity without real practice in the dialectical ring. When I taught at Notre Dame, I invited non-Catholics to meet my students every Sunday. One of my most regular visitors was a Communist. At first he was more than a match for my pupils, but before long they could hold their own without difficulty. The outbreak of war made it difficult to keep in touch with my students, but one of them wrote to me some years later to tell me that he had helped a great many of his friends to become Catholics. We did not convert the Communist, but we had some influence on him. A former pupil of mine met him in a Catholic bookshop. He had just bought *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*. "You guys," he said, "did not make me a Catholic, but you did make me realize that it made you feel pretty good being Catholics. I've a Catholic friend who is losing his faith, and I think he'll be pretty lost without it, so that's why I've bought this book to give him."

If the Catholic schools and universities could each produce, say, five alumni a year who would dedicate a part of their lives to the reconversion of countries once Christian, I believe that the advance of secularism could be arrested, and a real Christian revival could be created. A committee consisting of representatives of Catholic universities dedicated to the fight against secularism would soon see results.

A wise friend of mine who knows America well remarked to me before I left for this lecture tour, "America was quite unready for her role as the leading world power at the end of the war, and American Catholicism is unprepared for the fact that no Catholics could be more influential or could do more to promote a real revival of Christianity." I am sure that he is right. Any doubts I might have had about the future of American Catholicism have, I hasten to observe, been dispelled by the inspiring representatives of traditional Catholicism whom I have met on this lecture tour.

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The Plot Against Papa Doc

How a rag-tag invasion force tried to liberate Haiti, and how—what with one thing and another—it wound up at the Bay of Piglets

ROBERT K. BROWN

One of the more mysterious plots to bubble up out of Miami was the recent attempt to invade Haiti and overthrow President François Duvalier. Take one Haitian Catholic priest, a former Cuban senator, four dozen Haitian exiles, a dozen American soldiers of fortune, two hundred or so emotional Cubans, one CBS camera team and an ex-CIA agent or two, put them together in a filibustering expedition and you have a tragic comedy with overtones of a miniature Bay of Pigs.

The expedition, 71 of whose members were apprehended, with equipment, by U.S. Customs agents in the Florida Keys early in January, was the largest such force put together on American shores in the last hundred years.

The ambitious revolutionaries had assembled a World War II vintage air force consisting of a DC-3 transport, a B-25, a B-26 and several smaller planes which were to provide air support and aerial supply. The navy consisted of an old 55-foot shrimp boat and smaller craft. Quantities of machine guns, mortars, small arms, three tons of explosives and ammunition were moved into a house in the middle of the Keys.

The plot was kicked off six months ago in a New York basement. The Haitian leader was a 46-year-old multilingual priest, Father Jean Baptiste Georges. Father Georges was Minister of Education for two years under Duvalier before going into exile. An ex-Cuban senator, Rolando Masferrer, was to provide a large contingent of Cuban exiles staffed with seasoned Bay of Pigs veterans. Masferrer was a Communist when h fought with the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War, but later supported Batista by leading a private army in Oriente Province. His band of hoodlums, dubbed "The Tigers," was under less control than the regular Army or police force and was held responsible for many of the atrocities committed against the populace during Castro's rebellion.

In return for providing men, weapons and knowledge, Masferrer was promised the use of Haiti as a base of operations against Cuba. One of his company commanders, Aton Constanzo Palau, claimed that within thirty days the invaders hoped to build an army strong enough to invade Cuba and overthrow Castro. Constanzo is typical of those involved. An impressive figure, he carried a loaded Thompson submachine gun in his car. He was also known to have test-fired this "grease-gun" with silencer in his front yard, then hung it up on the clothesline and painted it!

Panic!

In October, Father Georges ordered his people to Miami. He had been informed that a vessel of sufficient size and durability to transport 350 men had been obtained for $3,500, but on arrival in Miami he found the boat to be inadequate and his followers pouring into the city. Panic! He contacted some Americans who helped him convert a World War II vessel which would meet his needs. But instead of $3,500 they now needed $20,000. Back to New York to raise money; back to Miami, only to have the deal fall through when the ship owner gave in to fears that he was being trailed by a Customs agent.

To keep the revolutionaries busy, Father Georges divided his headquarters into two houses. At one of them, a large two-story building at 30th Street and Fourth Avenue in southwest Miami, the neighbors called the police after fifteen Americans moved in with strange-looking baggage. The police investigated but by that time all arms had been moved out. That night a Cuban mother appeared in front of the house hysterically pleading with her six-foot, two-hundred-pound son not to go. Soon Customs agents with binoculars were watching Haitians in the house watching them through binoculars.

By this time CBS, which had invested an estimated $100,000 in hopes of getting a documentary of a genuine Caribbean revolution, closed up shop and grumbled back to New York. (The CBS team at the other end was not so precipitate. Correspondent Burt Quinn, awaiting the invasion in Haiti, reported shortly before Thanksgiving that three hundred men had landed. He was wrong of course, but there were widespread cancelations of hotel reservations even so. A Miami lawyer with hotel interests in Haiti has filed a $2,500,000 damage suit against CBS.)

Countdown. Men began moving into a two-story concrete block house on Coca Plum Beach. Many of the Cubans paraded around the area in camouflage fatigues, carrying weapons. The Americans tried to institute some security measures. All the windows were blacked out, but the Cubans placed a 50-caliber machine gun just inside the front door, where it was silhouetted for passersby whenever the door was opened.

One of the Cubans, nicknamed "Triggerhappy," was given money to purchase a boat to take one contingent to Haiti. The revolutionaries waited at the pier but it never showed, having run aground and been towed to port by the Coast Guard. Which was just as well for those scheduled to sail—24 ribs were found to be missing out of the hull. When the loading finally started, Customs agents swooped down. Those who wished to escape did so. The rest got their pictures in the paper and will be charged on the

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25th of January with conspiring to violate the Munitions and Control Act.

What was Washington's attitude toward all this? An American scheduled to fly one of the bombers said: "As long as things moved according to some timetable and with fair dispatch, it looked as if the government was going to let us go. They could have squelched the operation several times. Then things got so fouled up I couldn't believe it. When the boat didn't arrive on schedule everything fell apart."

Now that the whole fiasco is history, it seems that a better-disciplined effort might well have toppled Duvalier. A look at the Haitian situation shows that revolt and chaos may be just around the corner. "Papa Doc" Duvalier rules the predominantly black populace, which is 90 per cent rural and illiterate, through a unique combination of voodoo and black racism. His position becomes more tenuous by the day. Business activity and tourism have steadily declined over the past few years. Per capita income is only $70 a year; the national budget, only $20 million. But the population increases 2 per cent yearly. American aid, which amounted to $95 million between 1945 and 1962, was cut off in 1962 when Duvalier balked at having Americans oversee the aid program to eliminate waste and graft.

The *Tontons Macoutes*, Papa Doc's Gestapo, are scattered throughout the country. Although capable of terrorizing the people, they are untrained, poorly organized and poorly led. They use antiquated small arms which seldom fire and they have little or no ammunition. None of Duvalier's F-51 planes is operational. There is no navy. The four tanks that assume places at the four corners of the presidential palace at times of unrest have to be towed into position. The only effective military unit in the whole country is a palace guard numbering 500-700 men but Papa Doc never allows it out of Port-au-Prince. (Some of these men were reported to have been involved in an assassination attempt last spring.)

There is no structure for accession to power after Duvalier's fall, no power group to maintain public order. If the predicted chaos ensues, the U.S. will have even less choice in the matter of intervention than it did during the Dominican revolt. We could no more afford a Communist regime in Port-au-Prince than we could in Santo Domingo. Communist control of Haiti would provide a sanctuary for guerrilla bands operating against the Dominican Republic.

There is ample evidence to suggest that Washington did indeed acquiesce in the rag-tag plot against Papa Doc. It is not too difficult to see why. First, the complexion of the government and the new army would have been strongly anti-Communist. Second, such a new regime would have had no place to turn for assistance except to the U.S. Third, replacing Duvalier in this manner would have avoided the necessity of committing U.S. forces—which would have given us another Dominican-type black eye.

But if, in fact, federal law enforcement officers had no interest in the outcome of the invasion and allowed it to develop simply in order to seize all the weapons and individuals at once, they are to be condemned for perpetrating a cruel hoax on the Haitian exiles who were trying to free their homeland. True, many of the men involved were attracted by adventure, but many were also moved by the cause. On the very day the plotters were arrested, Fidel Castro announced that a Committee to Free Haiti had been organized, with headquarters in Port-au-Prince. Papa Doc's best voodoo incantation is not going to keep him in power long. The question is, what is the U.S. going to do when someone finally sticks a pin in him?

"Frankly, Mac, I regard this purchase as an invasion of Mrs. Kennedy's privacy."

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John Dos Passos

JEFFREY HART

Along with Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Faulkner, Dos Passos is one of the important American novelists of our time, but, as compared with them, it has been particularly hard to *see* him. What the others have been doing is now plain; but what about Dos Passos? The problem is one of camouflage. Because Dos Passos' novels are long and filled with characters, incident and detail, and also because they often refer to actual people and events, he has consistently been mistaken for a realistic novelist, a writer who held up a mirror to his country and his times, who persisted, as is said in a recent *New Republic* essay, "for almost fifty years in his determination to catch both a continent and a century in the camera eye of his fiction—to project upon a panoramic screen so many varieties of American experience that they would constitute, when taken together, a comprehensive record of life in the United States since 1900."

All this is surely wrong. Precisely, this is *not* what Dos Passos has done. He has not been a recorder, really, and he has not been a photographer. The implications of passivity are all wrong. Though certain sections of his great novel *U.S.A.* are called "The Camera Eye," this must be ironic; and if he held up a mirror to his times it is a very special sort of mirror indeed. Far from being a recorder,

a realistic novelist, Dos Passos has more in common with Eliot and the early Joyce, and beyond them with the Continental symbolists, and with Flaubert, than with any familiar reportorial mode in fiction.

For Dos Passos, as for Eliot and Joyce and Flaubert, the point is not to record the world of external reality, but, specifically, to express the pain of the sensibility as it encounters that reality. These other authors advertised that intention: Dos Passos concealed it. But for all of them there is, on the one hand, the world of social relations, human acts, and actual institutions, while on the other there is the individual sensibility—outraged, suffering, disgusted, and defeated. The important *inner* fact is not that Dos Passos moved from his earlier radicalism to his later conservatism — though this is very important in other ways—but that, as an imaginative writer his relation to any actual social group, and to characteristic human activity, has been an adversary one.

ON THE EVIDENCE of *The Best Times,* his valuable and attractive memoir, which has just been published, his experience of the First World War may well have been a decisive one for his sensibility. Certainly this was true for Ernest Hemingway; after the Italian campaign, Hemingway realized that sometime *he* was going to die. One senses something of the sort in Dos Passos:

> There had been an American offensive. I guess it was Chateau Thierry. The wounded were being evacuated directly on Paris. An urgent call was sent out from the rue Ste. Anne for Americans on leave or on duty in the city to volunteer for service in a nearby base hospital. The night I particularly remember it was my job to carry off buckets full of amputated arms and hands and legs from an operating room.

We may well imagine that in the industrialized slaughter of the war he saw, not the antithesis of modern civilization, but its natural extension, and that this perception was decisive for him as an artist. Having seen *that,* he would be, permanently, in the Opposition. Still, there are other theories. It is said, for example, that the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was a great blow, and that this convinced him that modern civilization was utterly corrupt. My own view is that the war, ghastly as it certainly was, and the execution, deeply though it may have affected him, only crystallized feelings that were mainly literary in origin.

What strikes one about the young Dos Passos, as he appears in the early books, is, beyond the extreme sensitivity, the verbal elegance and the determined assumption of the role of the artist. The hero of *Three Soldiers,* John Andrews, is a Harvard man and a composer, and when he deserts from the army it is in the name of art. Hemingway undoubtedly took all

World in a Glass: A View of Our Century From the Novels of John Dos Passos, edited by Kenneth S. Lynn. Houghton (1966), $6.95

The Best Times, by John Dos Passos. New American Library (1966), $5.00

District of Columbia, by John Dos Passos. Houghton (1966), $12.50

Most Likely to Succeed, John Dos Passos. Houghton (1966), $4.95

Three Soldiers, by John Dos Passos. Houghton (1964), $2.45

U.S.A., by John Dos Passos. Houghton (1963), $3.95

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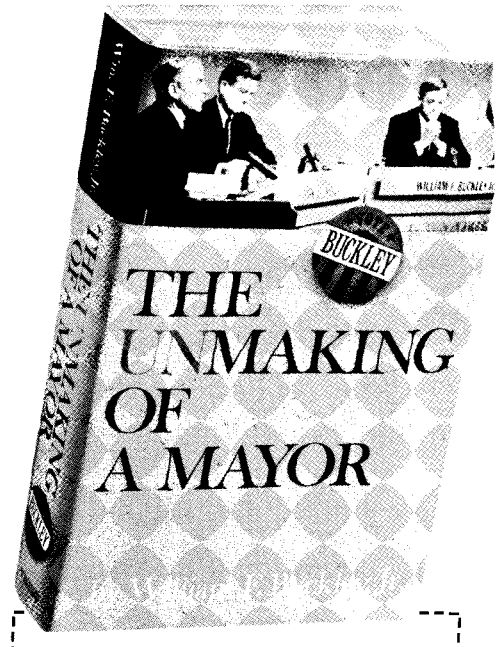

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● **Can Race and Religion be kept out of politics?** Buckley shows how *both* were injected into the campaign by the very people who decried prejudice, and how *anything* said about the issues which naturally concerned the vast majority of New Yorkers was alleged to be thinly-veiled bigotry. (Example: ". . . the Conservative candidate came right out in the open on crime in the streets, drug addiction, protest demonstrations and all the other code words for race prejudice." – Joseph Kraft, New York *Post*.)

● **What is the real effect of Welfare Programs?** Huge Welfare expenditures make New York City's budget second only to the Federal government's — yet Buckley shows conclusively why and how these giant give-aways are a major reason for the city's decline (see especially the section "New York Is Not Hong Kong").

● **The "Position Papers":** The Buckley campaign brought forward a whole series of proposals ("needlepointed," *Time* called them) for solving a big city's most pressing problems — including crime, narcotics, business taxes, education, school busing — yet much of the press let the public hear almost *nothing* about them.

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this over in *A Farewell to Arms*. The parallels are there even to the symbolic dive into the river, in which the deserting hero cleanses himself of the sins of organized society. Yet the differences are important too. Frederic Henry deserts for love, John Andrews to write music.

By the time we reach *U.S.A.* the sensitive and artistic hero has disappeared from view, and Dos Passos has no personal representative among the characters in the novel. Amusingly enough, this led some to say that the "hero" was now "collective man" or even "society." But this is scarcely true. The hero, as always in Dos Passos' works, is the sensibility of the artist, now withdrawn behind the scenes, and not embodied in a sacrificial character but implicit in a continuous act of aesthetic judgment. The world, as presented in *U.S.A.*, is condemned, not on Marxist grounds, not on anarchist ones, but aesthetically. Actuality is not so much unjust as ugly and banal.

Flaubert had shown the way, not in *Madame Bovary*—though even there we sympathize with Emma's romantic rejection, debased though it is, of bourgeois society—but in *L'Éducation sentimentale*, where the technique is to pile detail upon detail, tiresome social convention upon tiresome social convention, routine dialogue upon routine dialogue, until the reader says, Enough! These people and this talk and this culture are impossible. I cannot finish this book. I must finish *them!* Interestingly enough, John Andrews, Dos Passos' representative in *Three Soldiers*, is a great reader of Flaubert.

Joyce moved the technique several steps further. There is of course the famous description of food in *The Dead*, which makes us hate food, but Joyce also has a sharp sense of how to use physical detail as a weapon: Freddy Malins' "face was fleshly and pallid, touched with color only at the thick hanging lobes of his ears and at the wide wings of his nose. He had coarse features, a blunt nose, a convex and receding brow, tumid and protruded lips." The mode of judgment here is aesthetic: when we meet him, Malins hasn't *done* anything wrong—he simply *is* wrong. He is in bad taste.

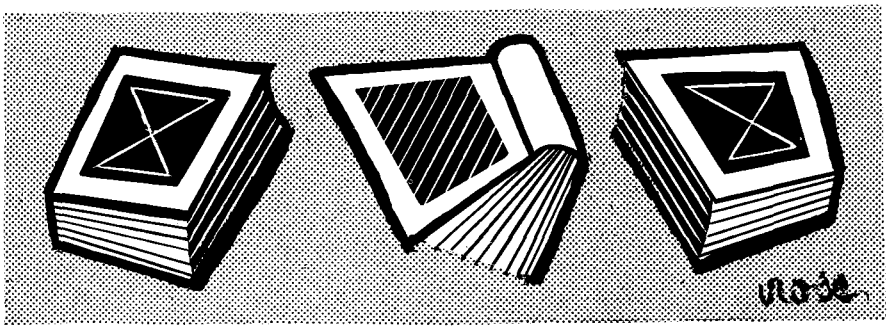
Dos Passos' aesthetic judgment in *U.S.A.* makes itself felt most powerfully in the prose itself, not so much in the justly famous sketches of historical characters—these, in fact, invite, and sometimes deserve, condemnation as being a bit cheap—but in the running narrative prose of the main sections, where Dos Passos has done things with a sentence which had not been done before. In this prose there are a number of breakthroughs, inventions which go beyond Flaubert and Joyce. One of the techniques is to weave clichés into the prose, thickening them at climactic moments, so as to create an impression of overwhelming banality and boredom. Here is Mary French, a radical and from the point of view of the book a sympathetic girl, meeting her newly rich and reactionary mother:

> Mary's mother didn't look as if she'd aged a day; she was dressed in dark-green and really looked stunning with a little white ruffle round her neck sitting there at her ease, with rings on her fingers that sparkled in the gray winter light that came in through the big windows.

The technique is also one of rhythms and connections between sentence elements: deaths are reported at the same rhetorical level as cups of coffee.

In what seems to me his best essay on a literary topic, Sartre makes this point about Dos Passos' style, pointing out that almost anything can be programed into it. Here, says Sartre, are two friends talking about war as Dos Passos would have written it: "And they ordered two beers and said that war was hateful. Paul declared that he would rather do anything than fight and John said that he agreed with him and both got excited and said they were glad they agreed. On his way home, Paul decided to see John more often." In the course of *U.S.A.* the idiom changes—and Dos Passos has a tremendous gift for perceiving differences in the sounds of sentences, as used in 1898 or in 1929, in New York or California—but the point never changes.

Dos Passos of course has many shots in his locker, and as far as technique is concerned he is our most inventive novelist. In *U.S.A.*, the "Newsreels," which present a disconnected array of headlines, adver-



tising slogans, popular tunes and newspaper narrative, create the impression of a chaos in which not only will the center not hold, but in which no center exists. Then there is the masterly irony of things like the Bryan portrait and the account of the United Fruit Company, and the wild comedy of Henry Ford's peace ship, sent off to end the First World War:

> He said sure they'd hire a ship and go over and get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.
>
> He hired a steamboat, the Oscar II, and filled it up with pacifists and social workers,
>
> To go over to explain to the princelings of Europe that what they were doing was vicious and silly . . .
>
> When William Jennings Bryan went over to Hoboken to see him off, somebody handed William Jennings Bryan a squirrel in a cage; William Jennings Bryan made a speech with the squirrel under his arm. Henry Ford threw American Beauty roses to the crowd. The band played "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." Practical jokers let loose more squirrels. An eloping couple was married by a platoon of ministers in the saloon, and Mr. Zero, the flophouse humanitarian, who reached the dock too late to sail, dove into the North River and swam after the boat.
>
> The Oscar II was described as a floating Chautauqua.

All this is marvelously funny, and, broad though the rhetorical techniques are, convincing and effective. On the other hand, because in such sketches Dos Passos refers to historical figures, troubles do arise. His clowns and his individualistic heroes, after all, come out of the same kook

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do-it-yourself culture. Between the Ford of this passage and the Frank Lloyd Wright and the Veblen of other ones there is no distinction of mode. These historical sketches, however, are in the end decoration. Finally, it is the relentless indictment, carried by the narrative prose in itself, that really counts.

PECULIARLY enough, it is characteristic of the aesthetic mode of judgment as it appears in modern literature that it has about it a whiff of Puritanism. Matthew Arnold said that art should be a criticism of life, but this is a mild view in comparison with the tactic of Joyce or Dos Passos, for whom art is the judgment of life. Characteristically, they use *materiality* as evidence of degradation. The sloppiness, the randomness, the very corporeality of life makes it less attractive than a perfect aesthetic form —a poem, a statue, a sonata. In Dos Passos' novels the villains are usually red-faced and fat (that is, they enjoy drinking and eating), while the good people are thin, even ascetic, and often devoted either to art or to an idea. They are of course victims: but, even if they won, we do not feel that they would much enjoy the physical pleasures of existence. It would be instructive to compare with this the imagination of goodness in Dickens. Dos Passos seems to use the flesh as an indictment, as the tragedy of spirit. One wishes at times to say, with Rabelais, that the flesh is really comic, a thing we use, and more often than not look foolish in, and in the end use up.

If *U.S.A.* has no hero, no Sensitive Young Man as in *Three Soldiers*, such a figure nevertheless is a sort of ghostly presence in the "Camera Eye" sections. It is wildly ironic that critics have seized upon this "camera" reference to characterize Dos Passos' work as a whole, for these sections are subjective, impressionistic and autobiographical. Far from being photographs, the scenes melt into one another and are controlled by a logic of the feelings. It is very much as if the Sensitive Young Man is hanging onto the iron world of *U.S.A.* by a fingertip. This impression is reinforced by that Young Man's presence in one other form, as the figure whose brief sections frame the trilogy as a whole. At the start, he is clearly an artist, alert to speech rhythms and inclined to celebrate them; and at the end he is "Vag," a down-and-outer, hitch-hiking along some terrible highway, while overhead well-fed Americans travel in an airliner. Here, as always, it is nonsense to think of Dos Passos as a realistic novelist. The important thing is the feeling and the judgment. One cannot tell that young man to go to work and buy a ticket on the airliner, for he is Eliot's Tiresias, fishing in the Ganges, with the wasteland behind him.

WHETHER written early from a left-wing point of view, or later on from a right-wing one, Dos Passos' novels make a common statement and are clearly, non-political. The change in "position" has had, indeed, no effect upon their imaginative quality. *U.S.A.*, of course, is the great one; but the "right-wing" *Most Likely to Succeed* is at least as successful and powerful as the early "left-wing" *Three Soldiers* and *Manhattan Transfer*. As an aggregate, what these novels say is that the world is the enemy of sensitivity and creativity, that organization and material power always destroy spirit. The indictment is absolutely comprehensive: capitalism, socialism, big business, small business, the New Deal, Labor, the Theater, the Movies, the Communists, the bureaucracy, the political parties. In no constituted society that we know of, and in no

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Once again, publishers venture to issue multivolumed "complete works," a practice which, until recently, seemed to have died out *circa* 1910. Comes now Northwestern University Press which, in cooperation with Chicago's Newberry Library, plans sixteen handsome volumes of Melville, at $150 for the set. First two volumes, to appear this March, are *Omoo* and *Typee*. . . . That winter isn't what it used to be is amply demonstrated by David Ludlum's *Early American Winters, 1604-1820*, a scientific-historical account published by the American Meteorological Society, 45 Beacon Street, Boston, at $10. . . . Our Extreme Court being busy with larger matters, young Mark Painter will continue to live with his prim Iowa grandparents instead of his seemingly rightful but allegedly "bohemian" father. Simon & Schuster have signed Harold Painter to write his side of the story, in a book scheduled for fall publication with the tentative title of *Mark, I Love You*.

● SIGNS OF HOPE: A street in Warsaw has been renamed "The Street of Pooh and Piglet." . . . In a bold, dramatic step which ought to have been taken years ago, CBS-TV announces that it will no longer insert commercials in "dramatic and cultural" specials at arbitrary fifteen-minute intervals. Will other networks follow suit? Will the policy be extended to TV showings of movies? Stay tuned. . . . Will Jones reports that producer Max Rosenberg (whose latest offering is something called *Torture Garden*), when asked if his works should be labeled "horror movies," replied: "It depends on where they're being shown. At drive-ins they're horror films, at art theaters they're Gothic fantasies, and at film festivals they are allegories of the human condition."

● PORTENTS OF DOOM: National General Productions has acquired film rights to unlucky Pierre Salinger's *With Kennedy*. . . . Rudolf Friml is said to have written a new operetta, *Moon over Miami Shores*. . . . American-International will follow *The Wild Angels* with two more "protest pictures": *Sunset Strip*, about Rootless Teenagers, and *The Trip*, about Guess What. . . . Shed a tear for NYC's 49th Street Trans-Lux Theater, which is closing for extensive remodeling and will reopen as a first-run house, ending thirty years as an all-newsreel outlet (one will remain, in Grand Central Station). Remember the Peter Arno cartoon of some rich types inviting some other rich types to "come over to the Trans-Lux—we're going to hiss Roosevelt"?

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organized group, is it possible to live a humane life: this was possible, if at all, only in the pre-industrial society of Jefferson. The emotion that really energizes the novels is the one attributed to John Andrews in *Three Soldiers:*

> Like a sudden nausea, disgust surged up in him. His mind ceased formulating phrases and thoughts. He gave himself over to disgust as a man who has drunk a great deal, holding on tight to the reins of his will, suddenly gives himself over pellmell to drunkenness.

Yet an interesting thing occurs in *Most Likely to Succeed,* a novel certain to be very highly regarded, though it seems to be neglected at the moment. In this novel the emotion of anger, the informing emotion, as I take it, of so much of Dos Passos' great fiction, is attributed to Jed Morris, the unsympathetic anti-hero, and thus is distanced and criticized. In passages like this one we have the comedy of anger. Here Morris, an *avant-garde* playwright, sees the ordinary crowd going into a successful musical:

> A doomed society marching to the scaffold. "You've got to understand that, damn you. . . ." Looking through the crowd he began to feel angry. The speakeasy crowd. They were the ones who were marching to the scaffold. Goddamn stupid bourgeois playboys necking the dregs of the Junior League. He could feel his face stiffening with hatred as he looked at them. His fists were clenched in the pockets of his jacket. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of himself from outside. . . . He could feel the little fortifying core of hatred hardening inside of him.

Jed Morris and John Dos Passos have nothing in common except the experience of that anger. And anger can be a mode of vision. In his recent essays, it is true, Dos Passos seems to take a moderately hopeful view of social possibility. "Western Europe and North America," he recently observed in *NR*, "have managed to produce fairly workable societies." As against the other side, Western society, imperfect as it is, is the better bet. Society won't save us, but then it wasn't meant to. An eminently sensible view; certainly a true one: but not, to be sure, that wild and probably illegitimate emotion that informed those discoveries about the possibilities of English prose, and that generated the power of those great novels.

Old-Fashioned Oracle

M. STANTON EVANS

THE IDEAL end of political journalism is to bring perspective to the flux and drift of daily events. Too seldom is the end achieved. The uncertainty of principle which afflicts the age has enfeebled journalists quite as much as the rest of us. The

In the Nation, by Arthur Krock. McGraw Hill, $7.95

fallacies and enthusiasms of the hour are endorsed all too readily by the very people who are supposed to be sifting and weighing them with detachment. Thus if we cast back over the really scandalous errors of recent decades, we shall find the nation's newsprint oracles leading the frenzies rather than restraining them. Whether the subject has been "agrarian reform," "missile gap," Soviet "growth rate," or Buddhism in Vietnam, our principal journalists have been promoters of the folly, if not in fact the originators of it.

There are, of course, exceptions—men who have maintained critical equilibrium while their colleagues rush to embrace the popular delusion. This handful of independent spirits has attempted, when others prated of Castro's magnificence or the corruption of Chiang Kai-shek, to discover whether the matters being talked of were fact or fancy, and to discern whether some demanded course of action would, in the light of principle and experience, lead to the results projected for it.

AMONG THE SMALL sprinkling of national journalists who have brought this kind of judgment to the evaluation of the news, Arthur Krock has been pre-eminent. Performing for

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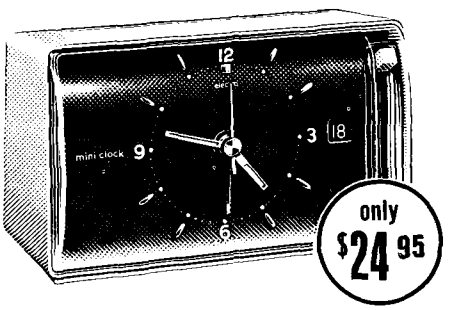

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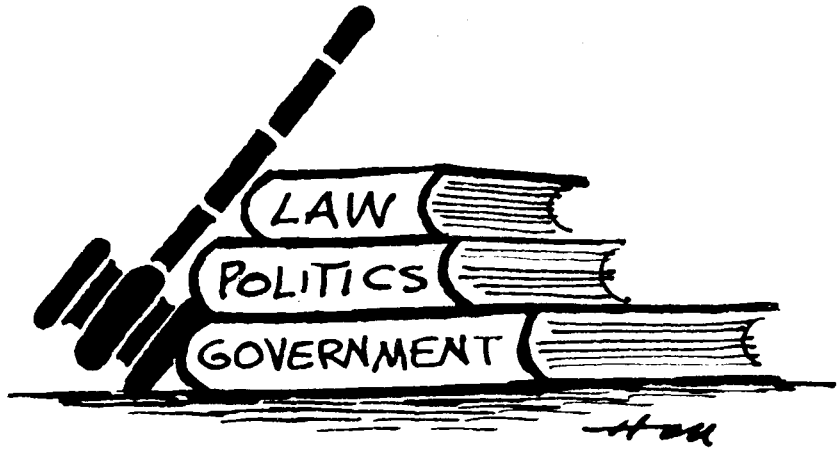
more than twenty years as head of the Washington bureau of the *New York Times,* and for some 43 years as a bylined columnist, he has established a record for sagacity and staying power which few of his colleagues can approach. Mr. Krock, now eighty, is retired from active duty, and a collection of his columns has been published in book form. The result, precisely because of Krock's ability to withstand the confusion of the moment, is a rewarding and informative document, attuned to history rather than to immediate excitations. And because it places events in perspective, it affords its own perspectives to us in turn.



The word for Mr. Krock is "balance." Reading over these dispatches, some of them reaching back to that misty era when Franklin Roosevelt's campaign pledge of economy and budget-cutting was still a relevant topic of speculation, one is struck by the slightly paradoxical virtues of commitment and restraint —the courteous obduracy of a mind equally unwilling to be angered or to be conned. The author comes through as a man of solid principle who is nevertheless able to view the passage of events with measured tolerance. One is tempted to say, for this and other reasons, that Mr. Krock is an anachronism. Compared to the common run of pundits, exalting fugitive error in intemperate language, he seems almost a nineteenth-century figure, polite and magisterial. His columns are well-constructed, soft in tone, leisurely in pace—essays in the old style. The prose is stately, latinate, thoughtfully qualified. It is a form of writing which Arnold or Bagehot would have found congenial, but which has no doubt drawn its share of puzzlement from modern editors.

More old-fashioned still is Krock's commitment to fact. Reading one of his pieces, you do not get the feeling he has sucked it out of his thumb, invented a "highly-placed observer," or offered as fact something which is not so. He states as part of his journalistic creed that the opinions of the writer, while controlling the selection of the subject and the point being made about it, are the least important ingredients of the signed column. He seeks to make his case with information, and the informational content of his pieces is another reason they make such durable reading.

Most antiquarian of all is Krock's concern for principle—for integrity in government, the texture of the American federal system, individual freedom, public order, and resolute defense of the national interest. These are the standards he brings to the discussion of every issue, testing the actions and statements of public figures from Roosevelt to Johnson against the sober guidelines of conviction.

THE RANGE of subjects covered in the book is large—from the early penetrations of Keynesian economic theory to the latest oddities of the Great Society. Here, analyzed in the immediacy of the hour, are the epic conflicts of Truman and MacArthur, McCarthy and Lattimore, Hiss and Nixon, Kennedy and Blough, Johnson and Goldwater. Here also are incisive comments and important factual sidelights concerning the cold war, "civil rights," the Supreme Court, the Korean stalemate, Eisenhower in Suez and Hungary and Little Rock, Kennedy in Laos and Berlin and the Bay of Pigs—all discussed with fastidious attention to the complexities of domestic and international politics. The kind of illumination they provide may be suggested by touching briefly on a couple of the subjects Krock has chosen for analysis.

The subjects, as it happens, are touchstones of the modern hysteria. The first is "civil rights," which for several years has been a sacred topic: President Kennedy himself spoke in extenuation of riots conducted under this sign, and it was a brave man, back in those days, who dared say anything in criticism. Arthur Krock dug in and said the hard things that needed saying. He subjected the whole gamut of "civil rights" rhetoric and the attendant disorder to searching examination, and protested the improvident rending of America's constitutional and legal fabric. Several of his comments on this subject are reproduced in this book.

The second subject is the moral lynching of American conservatives that followed upon the assassination of President Kennedy. Krock was one of the few journalists in America to speak out against the vendetta government officials, other newsmen, clerics, and even the Voice of America launched so passionately on that weekend of multiple horrors. On November 25, 1963 Krock wrote:

> . . . there is no merit in the implication of some of the orators that Mr. Kennedy's murder should be related to the area where it occurred because of the intensity there of the controversy over his policies. This implication especially lacks merit by reason of the only facts known about the only suspect, Oswald. He was a Marxist; at least a sympathizer with the religion of Communism; emigrated to and married in the Soviet Union; and was trying to return. This is certainly not the dossier of the "right-wing extremists," a stigmatic label of Dallas which some members of the Administration are too prone to affix . . .

All of which, of course, is transparently true. But how many people were saying it on November 25, 1963? And how many were saying it in the columns of the *New York Times*? It is that kind of candor, and that kind of courage, which makes Mr. Krock's columns good reading now, and will make them equally rewarding in years to come.

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Theater

New-Old, Old-New, and New

ARLENE CROCE

IT IS RARE to find a play to go to in New York which isn't just a rehearsal for next year's movie starring Jane Fonda or Natalie Wood. It is rarer to find a play which hasn't already been a movie. But I relaxed at *Dinner at Eight* even though it had already been produced twice, first as a play (by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber in 1930) and then as a movie (by David O. Selznick and George Cukor in 1932), and even though the present revival revives less than it buries—for good, one would hope. There is an almost necrophiliac passion in the care with which the 1930s sets, clothes, props, people—Robert Burr's bullet-headed magnate, Darren McGavin's archaically vain actor, Pamela Tiffin's Harlowe'en mask—are all exhumed and replanted with loving pats—form without feeling, fantasy without flesh. Not that such a passion can't be moving in the theater, or that a Depression-days, upper-crust comedy can't stand up to the stresses of revival. But *this* crust, as it happens, was pretty thick delicatessen even in the long ago and such inferior stuff shouldn't be allowed to pass today for period *crême de la crême*.

The movie, all cellophane highlights, is constantly on view as a classic. It's bad and it's boring but it had stars. Even at stage pace you could enjoy a film with, besides Harlow, Beery and Dressler and Billie Burke and two Barrymores, John and Lionel. We should have realized that the present version, which seems largely to have been cast in a crap game between Sir Tyrone Guthrie and the William Morris Agency, would be stuck with its nincompoopy Kaufman-Ferber characters speaking their nincompoopy-nifty one-liners, to which time has added no more of a luster, alas, than it has to buffalo nickels.

I don't understand the current rage for George S. Kaufman. To me, his famous philosophic cool was just well-heeled cynicism most of the time, and his wit tended to veer between the weakly sardonic thrust and the brutal put-down. Kaufman was court jester, after all, in a time when Moss Hart was king. I should like to see the energy and mortuary zeal that Guthrie and his designer, David Hays, expended on *Dinner at Eight* go for something better than the exaltation of show business at its busiest. But for eyes only, it's a beautiful show.

THERE WERE other revivals, more modest and less chic, of plays more or less close to us in time, in the New York City Center's American Playwrights series: Odets' *The Country Girl* (1950), Williams' *The Rose Tattoo* (1950), and Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen* (1650). The latter drew from Walter Kerr, a sad man, the single funniest opening night review in the history of the *New York Times*. Seared by a TV preview of Dame Judith Anderson in her wig of fright, I kept my own distance, but the production looked sufficiently waxen and Theater Guildy for those who sigh for that noble hour in American theater.

The Country Girl struck me as being a good deal better than the critics said it was, *The Rose Tattoo* as being worse (for wear: a replica of the original Broadway production, it had the original Maureen Stapleton gamely flapping about in the part Anna Magnani has since stretched by several sizes). Nevertheless, it was *The Rose Tattoo* that made it from the City Center back to a Broadway run, while Odets continued to bomb posthumously just as in the last decade of his life. The worst thing about this almost universally despised production wasn't the presence of a movie star (Jennifer Jones) in the lead, it was Lee ("Entire Production Supervised By") Strasberg's petrifying touch. Mr. Strasberg, who runs the Actors Studio, can make one act last longer than three directed by anyone else, and poor Odets' last, but not least, interesting play moved as if cast in bronze.

One consequence of the current burst of revivals has been to show how profoundly the popular theater has changed in the last thirty years. Once the tendency was to create characters whose personalities were whole and fully pronounced ("*Enter* GLORIA, *a pert miss of seventeen*"). Today the characters lie in fragments for the audience to put together. Twenty and thirty years ago people came out between the acts discussing the throb in Ina Claire's voice as she spoke a certain line. Today they discuss appearance and reality. Both *The Rose Tattoo* and *The Country Girl* (and for that matter *Elizabeth the Queen*) are constructed around a central portrait of a woman, a rather magnificently fierce but also a good woman—oh golden, oh receding 1950! —and few actresses are left who can play such a part for the truth that is in it rather than for the chance to "do something theatrical." Odets' durable, undeceived backstage wife is a woman such as one sees, alone, at concerts; I thought Jennifer Jones entirely reasonable in the part.

NOSTALGIA of a quite desperate kind prevailed over Edward Albee's new play. Banished were the raucous, Strindberg-like passions, the Pirandellian echoes, Sartre's existential howl. *A Delicate Balance* has a half-dozen garrulous rich people prowling one of those spacious library sets that went out with Terence Rattigan, and much analytical discourse in the manner of T. S. Eliot. The action, as in any George S. Kaufman or Philip Barry play of the Thirties, consists in the making, and in the passing, and in the drinking, of drinks, and when drinks are not being drunk they are being analyzed and discoursed upon. The speech is pontifical and the thoughts go in fussily elegant concentric circles. Albee's rich people I was interested—since Albee is rich —to learn, never swear. Sexual

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organs are referred to in the Latin. The language is so fancy that slang expressions, clichés, even plain ordinary locutions, are borne to our ears in implied quotation marks, as: "You're copping out, as they say," or, "As they say, I haven't the faintest." Apparently the rich have no language of their own. They just sit around rhythmically trying to get to the point, and drinking.

Of course this kind of dialogue isn't talk, it's literature, or rather the pretense of it by our wittiest pretender, Mr. Albee. It's possible that next season he will do Sir James Barrie, if we're *very* good, and wish *very* hard, and applaud loudly enough.

To END on an upbeat, I thoroughly enjoyed *The Killing of Sister George*, Frank Marcus' scrappy little comedy about a not-so-tough lesbian actress being eased out of her part in a BBC serial because a) she is a scandal, and b) the easer, also lesbian, desires the actress's young mate. This play has won prizes in London, but many New York critics were severely offended by its "uncompassionate" view of homosexuality—surely we shouldn't be *laughing* at it, should we?

That is to take a very shortsighted view indeed. One buzzed out at intermission aroused rather than oppressed by what appearances *vs* reality are made of; *Sister George* is thoroughly in the modern spirit, and yet its agonies are arranged in an orderly philosophical sequence an audience can ponder without fear of bamboozlement. The dissolving borderlines between the imaginary life of a character ("Sister George"), the real life of the actress who plays her, and the secret life of lesbianism are handled like a cubist construction: all facets, brought to the surface by crisis, are presented at once. To this distinguished conception Marcus brings the incongruously broad style and punch timing of a cartoonist. But why not? If it doesn't do to laugh at lesbians, surely we may laugh at life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.50). The shoemaker, it is said, should stick to his last—and the biographer, one

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suspects, to hers. Mrs. Bowen has written a moderately good book, no doubt of that, but it is questionable whether there is any need for another moderately good book on the Constitutional Convention. The ability she has shown in the past in dealing with individual figures may not be suited to the writing of a history in which there are fifty-five such figures to deal with, and a dozen of them, at least, of major importance. In any case, for whatever reason, this is an unsatisfactory and vaguely irritating book —there are some good things in it (the picture of Washington longing for the bright blue days of Mount Vernon is one of them), but there are also such insights into Mrs. Bowen's imagination as "it is impossible to imagine Hamilton as an old man." Not so, for me certainly, and this sort of personal aside is annoyingly frequent. A biography may be successful because the biographer is inside her subject, speaking through him to the reader. But a history—barring almost unimaginable genius—will be successful if the historian stands apart and guides the reader. Apart from any disagreements I have with Mrs. Bowen's interpretations—and I have quite a few—my major disagreement is that she is too much a biographer, or too much a popular biographer, to be an historian.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE COMING WATER FAMINE, by Jim Wright (Coward-McCann, $5.00). Congressman Wright (D., Tex.) has put his name on an excellent description of the problems we must solve if our posterity is to enjoy the blessing of abundant fresh water. Every citizen should be familiar with the problems as Wright describes them. His concern bespeaks a profoundly conservative and even anti-materialist approach to life (he speaks of the need for "a sort of divine partnership with nature"). But his proposals are something else again. After describing in ruddy detail the mistakes of the Engineers in the Everglades, the ten-year delays in getting projects started, the "backbiting and interagency politics" that snarl federal programs, the erroneous forecasts of the experts, *and* the huge success of non-federal programs (cf. the

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ORSANCO projects on the Ohio River), Wright urges only *federal* action, complete with "czar," "knocking heads," "federal water transport authority," etc. He notes, but only for its comedy, that the first national figure to urge massive water districting was the proto-fascist Huey Long of Louisiana. To read this book, with its careless supercentralist bias, in the light of Wittfogel's thesis of hydraulic despotism, is to harvest grey hairs. I do recommend the book nevertheless; but let it be read alongside Vogt's *Road to Survival* and Wittfogel's *Oriental Despotism.*

W. F. RICKENBACKER

A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC, by Aldo Leopold (Oxford $6.50). Books about nature are as common as carbon; good books about nature are as rare as diamonds. Mr. Leopold's is one of the latter. It consists of the original *Sand County Almanac* (an informal diary of the twelve months wonder of his Wisconsin farm first published in 1949), together with additional essays on nature and conservation from the now defunct *Round River.* It is a pleasant, gentle book. You will not find here the strident voice of the shrill crusader nor, praise be, the "fishie-birdie-kitty" school of faunal coyness. Mr. Leopold paints the face of nature as it is—warthogs and all. As an introduction to the outdoors it is outstanding; as an adjunct for the knowledgeable it is delightful.

J. D. KIRWAN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (January 10)
HOWARD W. SMITH:
HALF A CENTURY OF CHANGE

A lady . . . ran against me . . . She was . . . fine-looking . . . , right attractive . . . Everybody was saying what a good-looking woman she was. I went down to her home town to make a speech. . . . All I could say was: "If I had known this was a beauty contest, I'd never have gotten into it in the first place."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Thoroughfare for fast newsmen	12 30 52 75 80 83 94 116 122 131
	135
B. A bus to take home from downtown	48 53 76 11 123 179
C. An overwhelming victory at the polls	82 191 197 9 19 39 45 70 86
D. Economical management	85 95 125 18 144 148
E. A city in Southwest Nigeria	124 151 162 188 67 78 84
F. Famous political cartoonist (1840-1902)	160 81 105 115
G. Pertaining to Jupiter	149 163 169 147 174 177
H. This makes footwear look like new	154 2 14 26 63 119 129 181 200
I. A city in Northeast Massachusetts	156 153 203 207 213 21 74 126 166
J. A thick shell which incloses the winter eggs of a cladoceran	165 61 121 178 49 134 185 92 190
K. English writer (1812-88); full name	182 127 161 6 29 108 192 202 16 44
L. "An Israelite . . . in whom is no guile!"	187 60 120 136 140 205 22 98 195
M. An English-born (1881) writer, whom "age doth not wither"	193 35 180 137 25 37 79 186 104

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. An accepted source of information	210 133 36 143 55 146 89 24 40
O. Annual volumes	10 214 43 201 164 68 72 209 183
P. Number of months in a year	13 27 208 196 103 109
Q. A declaration concerning Cuba issued in 1854 by our ministers to England, France, and Spain	28 132 1 139 46 15 158 87 110 194
	65 204 206 56 69
R. The wintergreen	32 199 17 106 3 88 141 111
S. Sitta carolinensis	34 212 4 62 66 20 73 173
T. Money saved for emergencies (plural)	38 157 33 23 168 91 99 138
U. The last words of a famous Roman	42 50 101 117 176 5 150 155 170
V. An administrative division of Yorkshire	59 102 31 112 97 128
W. A little pie	93 159 41 172 77
X. Conceited, boastful persons	96 114 57 152 167 184 175 71
Y. A small, marine, herringlike fish	100 113 211 51 64 130 107
Z. A compact rock consisting essentially of microcrystalline quartz	142 54 8 189 118
a. Drinks made of eggs, milk or cream, sugar, etc. (the etc. must not be omitted)	198 7 47 90 145 58 171

		1 Q	2 H	3 R		4 S	5 U	6 K	7 a	8 Z	9 C	10 O		11 B	12 A		13 P
14 H	15 Q	16 K	17 R		18 D	19 C		20 S	21 I	22 L	23 T		24 N	25 M	26 H		27 P
28 Q	29 K	30 A	31 V		32 R	33 T		34 S	35 M	36 N		37 M	38 T	39 C	40 N		41 W
42 U	43 O	44 K	45 C	46 Q	47 a		48 B	49 J		50 U	51 Y	52 A		53 B	54 Z	55 N	56 Q
57 X	58 a	59 V	60 L	61 J	62 S	63 H		64 Y	65 Q		66 S		67 E	68 O	69 Q	70 C	
71 X	72 O	73 S	74 I	75 A	76 B	77 W		78 E	79 M	80 A		81 F	82 C	83 A	84 E		85 D
86 C	87 Q	88 R	89 N	90 a	91 T		92 J	93 W		94 A	95 D	96 X		97 V	98 L	99 T	100Y
101U	102V	103P	104M	105F		106R	107Y		108K	109P	110Q	111R	112V	113Y	114X		115F
116A	117U	118Z	119H		120L	121J	122A		123B	124E	125D	126I	127K		128V	129H	130Y
131A	132Q		133N	134J		135A	136L	137M		138T	139Q	140L	141R	142Z	143N		144D
145a	146N		147G	148D		149G	150U	151E	152X		153I	154H		155U	156I	157T	
158Q	159W	160F		161K	162E	163G		164O	165J	166I	167X	168T	169G	170U	171a		172W
173S	174G	175X		176U	177G	178J	179B	180M	181H	182K	183O	184X		185J	186M		187L
188E	189Z	190J	191C	192K		193M	194Q	195L	196P		197C	198a	199R	200H	201O		202K
203I	204Q	205L		206Q	207I	208P	209O		210N		211Y	212S	213I	214O			

See page 102 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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FRANK CHODOROV

(Continued from p. 85)

from a source higher than man and must not be violated. To him this *was* a religion. It was a belief handed down to his son and daughter as a religious concept—even though he did not consciously mean it thus. . . He refused to think about spiritual freedom or the freedom gained through the spiritual life; but in his concept of man's right to himself he unknowingly carried and tried to spread a message from the spiritual world."

We are gathered here today to affirm that knowing Frank Chodorov or even knowing his works was a spiritual experience. We weep at the loss of a father and a grandfather, a personal friend and teacher to those who knew him and his writings; a friend of the human race, whose faith in it, and love for its individual members, ennobles mankind. As a Christian, I postulate that today he is happy and serene in the company of the angels and the saints and his Celia. We who have time left to serve on earth, rejoice in the memory of our friend and teacher, a benefactor to us all, living and unborn. May he rest eternally in peace.

WAUGH

(Continued from p. 86)

I think—Dominica—that has appealed to the imagination of the wanderer more than any island except Tahiti. Lovely and unlucky, it has "the fatal gift of beauty." Lying between Martinique and Guadalupe, geographically, traditionally and temperamentally it should have been French not British. It would have fared better as part of the French economy. Its mountains are too high for its size. It rains half the time. The rain washes away its roads and bridges. It has been a constant strain on the colonial exchequer. Yet it has held a constant and peculiar fascination for the romantic and the misfit. A number of exceptional men and women have made their homes there. Nowhere else in the islands will you hear better talk, and there is an instant bond of sympathy anywhere in the world between the people who find they have common likes with it. For the sake of the Dominicans, I wish that their island could share in the general boom; but for my own sake I am well content that it should stay the way it is.

To the Editor

(Continued from p. 64)

assist the dynastic pretensions of a syphilitic . . . tyrant," etc., why, we would do better to cleave to ecumenism!

Princeton, N.J. R. D. STOCK

. . . It's one thing to condemn the lunacies of the Pike-Woolwich crowd, rap the political pretensions of the NCC, or satirize the bebop Catholic Church (and my own, for that matter), but when you allow an entire church to be branded an "idle, dishonest, time-wasting, pseudo-church" in your pages, the only effect it can have is to shock and antagonize those of your readers who belong to that church, and divide the conservative movement on religious lines.

Los Angeles, Cal. JAN M. LIBOUREL

I enjoyed Auberon Waugh's timely sermon very much. I think it would have been more enjoyable if he had kept to his own admirably clear style and left it uncluttered by odd borrowings from the languages of the logical positivists and American nuclear strategists. I think too that his argument would have been clearer if he had not clouded it with sideswipes at ecumenism, however neologistic that might be.

Surely, "old-fangled" and-proud-of-it Catholics would still agree that the discovery of God (by "perceptive reason"?) is the only matter of importance in our lives. In which case (and this is where perceptive reasoning *can* help), whether that discovery is made within the disciplines of Catholicism, the Church of England, Protestantism, etc., is only of diverting inconsequence.

The universality of the Church means only this and it would seem, therefore, that Auberon Waugh's Corrected Rules for a Catholic/Protestant Dialogue are as misdirected as the "perversion of goodwill" he swinges.

New York, N.Y. TERENCE GRIFFIN

Revisionism

Your presentation of Mr. Percy Greaves' opinions on Pearl Harbor, including, particularly, his enumeration of errors in the book by Wohlstetter [Dec. 13], strikes me as inconsistent with your attitude toward criticisms of the Warren Commission Report. You are plainly congenial to Mr. Greaves and plainly unreceptive to Mr. Mark Lane, among others. Yet the attack on Pearl Harbor and the assassination of Kennedy together with the ensuing confusions, contradictions, and distortions, are events which have many similarities. Further, the arguments, assumptions, and conclusions—in fact, the entire tone—of Mr. Greaves' article are strikingly similar to those in *Rush to Judgment*.

Mount Vernon, Wash. JOHN C. CHENEY JR.

It's a Cinch

Mr. John D. Kirwan's "A Plea for Sanity" in your issue of December 13 is certainly a step in the right direction. But surely any serious effort to stem the tide of felonious personal assault will have inevitably to consider such commonly employed and equally lethal materials as nylon stockings, scarves, belts, and neckties, so readily at hand to serve the fell purpose of the strangler when his evil whim comes upon him. These deadly weapons are obviously even less essential to a normal civilized household than are the sharp cutlery items of which Mr. Kirwan writes so telling an indictment.

St. Augustine, Fla. HARRY B. WATERBURY

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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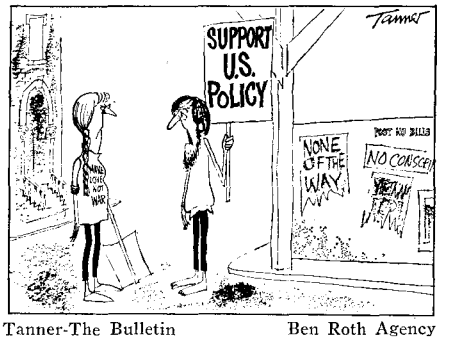
FOR THE RECORD

■ "Now you see it now you don't" play by **Bobby Kennedy** to get a Kennedy man into the Senate as junior senator from New York spoiled by Rep. **Samuel Stratton**—who would not be averse to getting the Democratic nomination himself. Stratton spilled the beans in public blast at Kennedy for handpicking former JFK confidant and speech writer **Ted Sorensen** to run against **Jacob Javits** in '68. N.Y. state Democrats, said Stratton, feel choice should be up to them, not to non-native son. . . . . Sen. **Wayne Morse** of Ore. in line for chairmanship of key Select Committee on Small Business (including horse stables?), but his Senate colleagues cool on proposition. Morse's record as maverick could cost him coveted position. . . . Last chairman to be deposed as chairman of a House Committee (for reasons other than party disloyalty) was **John Randolph** of Roanoke, in 1807. His crime: eccentric and arbitrary behavior.

■ National Right to Work Committee so encouraged by composition of new House it will lobby this year for change in Taft-Hartley law to outlaw union shops nationally. Section 14(b) of Taft-Hartley permits individual states to outlaw union shops, but stops there. . . . **William Patterson** of the Communist Party U.S.A. urges, in Jan. 10 *Worker*, formation of local committees to defend Adam Clayton Powell. . . . *National Guardian* reveals that **Shirley Graham DuBois** (widow of W.E.B. DuBois), bounced from Ghana by the new anti-Nkrumah regime, has taken up residence in Cairo. . . .New Accra government has also stopped work on the *Encyclopedia Africana* DuBois was editing when he died.

■ No resting place for **Bertrand Russell**'s war crimes tribunal. Prime Minister **Tage Erlander** of Sweden has wired Russell his refusal on grounds that the way to get both sides to the negotiating table is not by increasing world antagonism against Lyndon Johnson. . . . Red China apologist **Felix Greene** (he has turned out the most pro–Red China documentary of them all) is now filing for U.S. citizenship. . . . North Vietnam apologist **Staughton Lynd** could be leaving Yale. In *National Guardian* New Year guest editorial Lynd wrote: "I have concluded that what I communicate to the handful of Yale students that I influence is that they should go to Wall St. and Washington as planned, and run the world more imaginatively. What I wish to communicate to them, however, is that they are unfit to run the world at all. And I suspect there is no way for me to get this message across except to leave Yale."



Tanner-The Bulletin Ben Roth Agency

"I owe it all to the study of Mao Tse-tung"

■ About face: Equal Employment Opportunities Commission is now demanding that labor unions disclose how many Negroes, members of other minorities, they have in their ranks. Reason: well-grounded Negro complaint that they can't get into many of the big craft unions. . . . Dr. **Timothy Leary**'s League for Spiritual Discovery has filed suit in New York against laws which prevent its "priests" from importing marijuana, peyote and other drugs to dispense to their "congregations."

■ Political reporters moaning among themselves that if, as they suspect, **Nelson Rockefeller**'s Inaugural speech was meant to test his Presidential appeal they'll be subjected to more BOMFOG in the months ahead. BOMFOG is campaign favorite with Rocky. It means: Brotherhood of Man, Fatherhood of God—and is ever on his lips. . . . **Bruce Chapman,** onetime editor of liberal Republican *Advance* magazine, now writing number of Romney campaign speeches on a fee-per-speech basis. . . . It's rumored that a former sidekick of Chapman has been chosen to ghost Romney's foreign policy book *(Why Not Defeat?)* . . . **ACA,** in final salute to the late 89th Congress, makes point that it became more conservative in its second (1966) session. In 1965, the Senate voted conservatively 38 per cent of the time; in 1966 the vote was 41.6. House figures: 38.9 per cent in 1965, 43.8 in '66. . . . **YAF members** who've been picketing American Motors dealers in protest against proposed AMC trade deal with USSR running up against beefs by college officials and local police forces. **American Motors** has sicked the authorities on the YAFers. . . . YAF succeeded in queering Firestone plans to build a rubber-processing plant in Rumania in 1965.

■ It's the rage in Rhodesia: the "Sanctions Suit," a loose-fitting pants-suit which makes nylon underwear and girdles (both import items) unnecessary.

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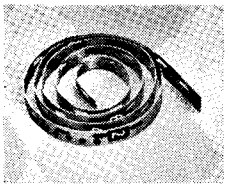
Schick Science announces the new AUTO-BAND

New Schick Band Razor

Schick patent #2492292

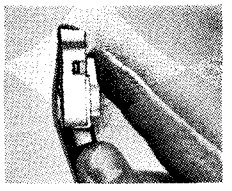
Schick patent #2591702

Other patents pending...



10 new edges, not just 6. Ten new Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges on a continuous band.

Patented slotted band. Band holds taut between two spools. Gives you the control *and* the comfort you want.



For a new shaving edge, just wind the lever on the cartridge. It's easy. Guide numbers are on the side.

Lasts longer too. After extra weeks of shaving, snap in a new 10-edge cartridge – you never touch a blade.

Schick Science brings you the new cartridge-loaded Schick Band Razor. Inside the cartridge, not just six, but *ten* Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges coiled into one continuous shaving band.

It's completely different. Better. In every way. You get a faster, smoother, closer shave.

The patented Schick band is slotted. It feeds between two spools, holds each new edge taut to give you the control and the comfort you want.

You'll like the convenience. You'll like the way each edge has the famous Super Krona coating to shave you closer – with greater comfort.

Schick 10-edge Band Razor $2.95

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of EVERSHARP,® Inc.

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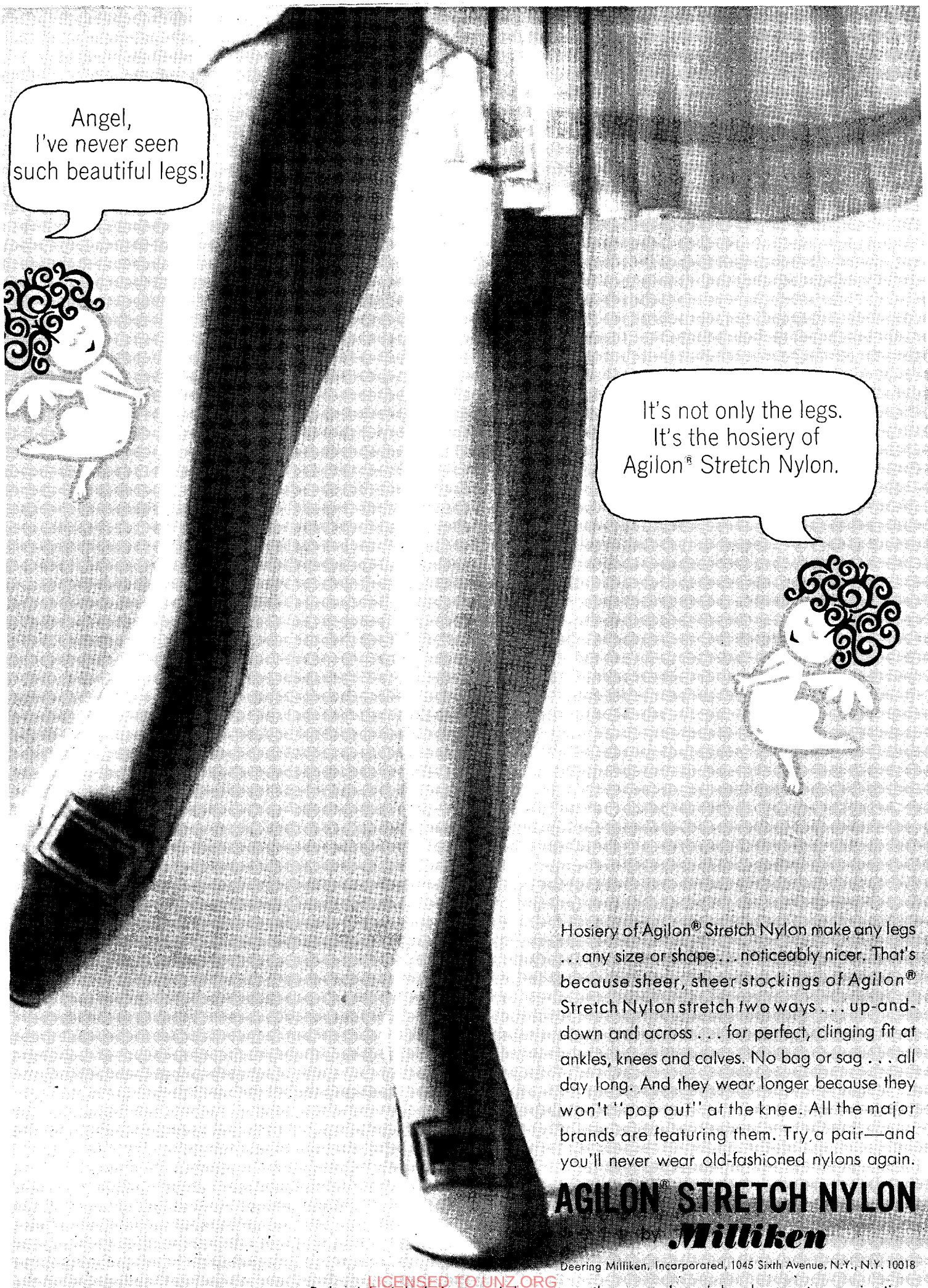

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